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THE ART JOURNAL.—CONTENTS NO. 50.

STEEL PLATES.

- I. THE BANQUET-SCENE IN "MACBETH." From a Painting by D. MACLISE, R.A.
- II. A GUARD-HOUSE IN CAIRO. From a Painting by J. L. GÉRÔME, H.R.A.
- III. ADORATION. From a Drawing by ARV SCHEFFER.

ARTICLES

	PAGE
1. BRITISH PAINTERS.—JOHN MACWHIRTER, A.R.S.A. <i>With Three Illustrations,</i>	33
2. BIBLIA IN THE LENOX COLLECTION. I.	36
3. THE LAND OF EGYPT. By EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, late British Consul at Cairo, and his Sister, MARY ELIZA ROGERS. <i>With Four Illustrations,</i>	37
4. AMERICAN PAINTERS.—THOMAS MORAN AND JOSEPH RUSLING MEEKER. <i>With Four Illustrations,</i>	41
5. NEW YORK INTERIORS. <i>With Two Illustrations,</i>	46
6. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. X. <i>With Twenty Illustrations,</i>	-
7. OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Descriptive Text,	-
8. AMERICAN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. I. By A. J. BLOOR,	-
9. THE PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION VI. The Austro-Hungarian, the German, the Belgian, and the Dutch Pictures. By LUCY H. HOOPER	-
10. NOTES: Boston—A Landscape by Turner—New Pictures, etc.,	-

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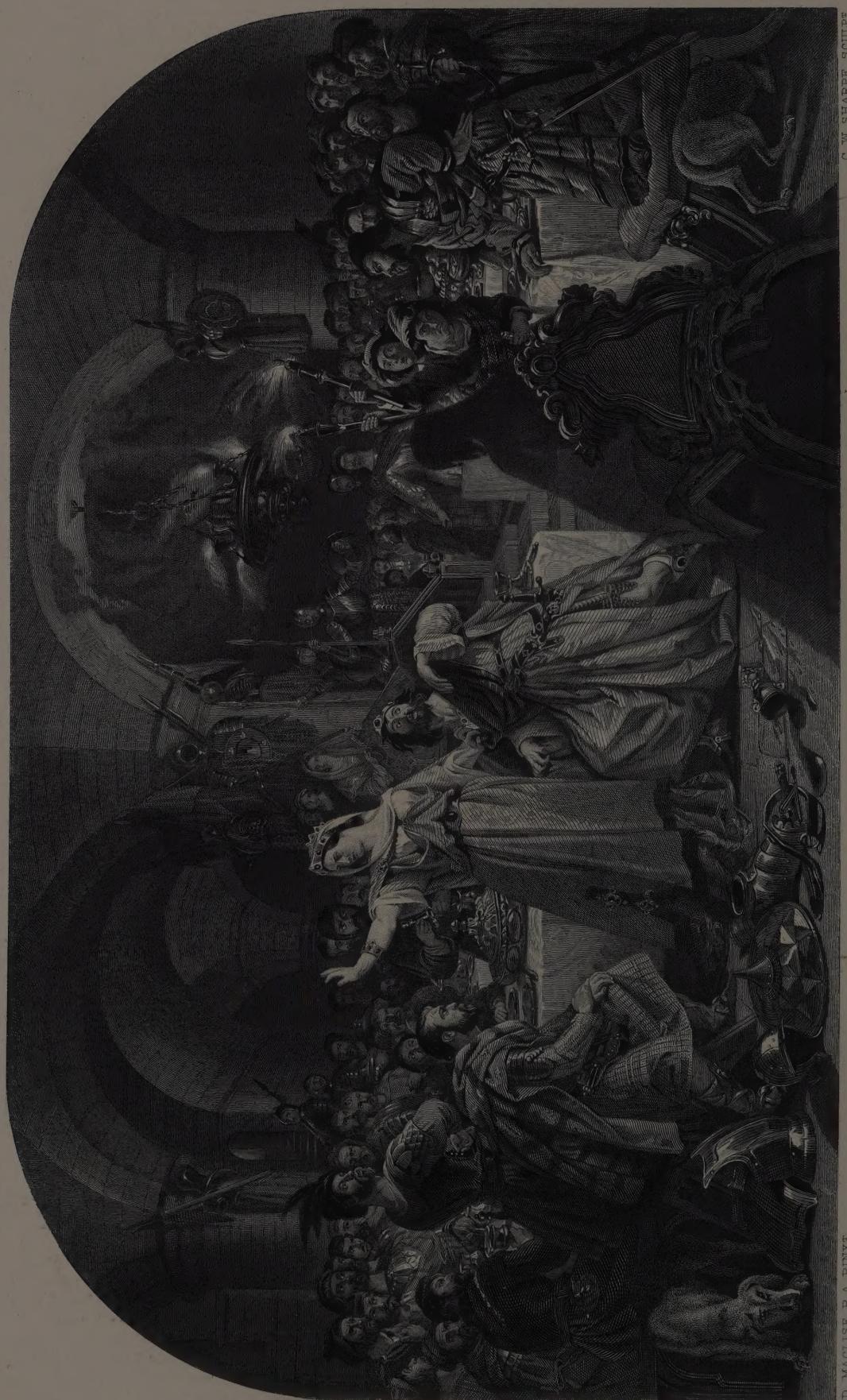
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THE BANQUET SCENE IN MACBETH.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF FREDERICK W. COSENS ESQ.



BRITISH PAINTERS.—JOHN MACWHIRTER, A.R.S.A.

THIS well-known landscape-painter, who a few years since left the North to settle in London, was born on the 27th of March, 1839. He is son of Mr. George MacWhirter, paper manufacturer, of Collinton, Edinburgh, a descendant of an old Ayrshire family, a skilful draughtsman, a botanist, geologist, and an enthusiastic lover of Nature.

It was the intention of the elder MacWhirter to put his son into business, and the lad was articled for five years to a publisher in Edinburgh; but five months brought the engagement to an end, when the former left his employment, and entered the Art-schools known as those of the Board of Manufacturers, where so many of the Scottish artists have studied, and to good purpose. From the

very first, landscape was his favourite study, and he pursued it diligently in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, among the Pentland Hills, and on the banks of the Leith. Love of detail led the young artist to make innumerable studies of botanical objects, weeds, flowers, &c.; and this he continues to do up to the present time, having visited for the purpose Norway, Belgium, Italy, the Tyrol, and other countries. It may be remarked that when Mr. MacWhirter was about the age of fifteen he paid a visit to the Isle of Skye, with the object of making some sketches there; but found the "material" to be beyond his youthful powers.

So rapid, however, had been his progress in the development of his artistic talents, and so highly had his pictures commended themselves to the good opinion of his "brethren of the pencil,"



"Land of the Mountain and the Flood."

that in 1864, when he was only twenty-five years old, he was elected Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, the seven pictures—six of them being views in Rome and its vicinity—he exhibited in the gallery that season no doubt contributing in no small measure to the result. The impression they made at the time upon the Art critic of this Journal was as follows:—"Among the most promising artists of the Scotch school, though not connected with the Academy"—he was elected at the close of the exhibition—"is Mr. John MacWhirter. This young painter has drawn his inspirations not only from the beautiful scenery of his own country, but also from the wild, romantic, and almost weird scenery of Norway; and he has wisely studied in Rome, where it is impossible to fail in getting information

and improvement in the technical details of his art. His pictures of 'The Arch of Titus' and of 'The Campagna' deservedly excite much attention; but it is in his remarkable power to delineate woodland and rocky scenery that his talent is most conspicuous.—In a small picture, 'The Barberini Pine, Rome—Sunset,' his wonderful talent for tree painting, is unmistakably shown; but not to the same extent as in his 'Old Mill in Norway,' where so true are the trees, shrubs, and flowers, that they would satisfy the botanist, while at the same time they are all that Art can wish. Mr. MacWhirter feels and expresses the genius of each tree, but he makes no effort to give its microscopic details: he is essentially an artist, and not a copyist."

In 1865 his works made their first appearance in the Royal

Academy, to which he sent 'The Temple of Vesta, Rome,' and in 1868 'Old Edinburgh,' a moonlight scene, wherein the quaint but picturesque architecture of the ancient portion of the city is seen to great advantage, though but faintly revealed under the half-shadowing rays of the moon. In 1869 Mr. MacWhirter himself followed his pictures from Edinburgh to London, where he has since resided. By this time the artist felt he had strength enough to encounter the scenery of the Isle of Skye, from which he shrank back in conscious weakness in earlier years; and accordingly he sent to the Royal Academy that same year a large landscape, 'Loch Co-ruisk, Isle of Skye,' where

"All is rocks at random
thrown,
Black waves, bare crag,
and banks of stone."
SCOTT.

It was characterized in our columns as "one of the grandest landscapes of the year;" the scene itself, as presented by nature, is vividly described in Mr. W. Black's "Daughter of Heth." The next picture exhibited at the Academy by the painter was in 1870; it was called 'Day-break,' the subject suggested by Longfellow's beautiful song—

"A wind came up out of
the sea,
And said, Oh mist, make
room for me," &c.

The picture pleased us, as a whole, less than that of the preceding year, though it is poetically treated, and shows some fine passages in it; for example, in the movement of the stormy clouds as they clear away before the rising wind, and "cross the graveyard with a sigh."

In the year following Mr. MacWhirter had two pictures hung at the Academy: one, 'The Depths of the Forest,' shows a horseman riding into the gloom of a pine forest. It was placed very near to Mr. Millais's 'Chill October,' and suffered somewhat in consequence, by forcing into relief the latter picture, painted in a higher key of colour. Mr. MacWhirter's second exhibited work had no special title, but two lines of an old song:—

"A great while ago the world began,
With hey-ho, the wind and the rain."

which introduced to the spectator a miserable donkey patiently standing on the seashore exposed to the pitiless storm.

In 1872 he contributed to the Academy a large canvas entitled 'The Isle of Skye,' a grand, daring, and powerful composition, "most suggestive," as we remarked at the time, "as a piece of romantic painting," wherein we see "the evening mists with

ceaseless change" rolling over and beneath the range of lofty mountains, now almost hiding them, and now leaving "their foreheads bare;" a noble landscape this. It had for a companion 'Moonlight,' a scene painted with much tenderness of feeling. In the following year Mr. MacWhirter exhibited in the same gallery two pictures, one called 'Desolate,' the other 'The Fisherman's Haven.' It so chanced that we made no notes of either at the time, but have some recollection that the latter, a large canvas, showed some fishing-boats, as they made for the harbour, passing a near coast on which stood a church

in the midst of a churchyard. Possibly the artist intended by this introduction to point indirectly to the latter, as the "haven" of rest when the fisherman's life work was done. His two works in the Academy in 1874 had a better fate at our hands, one of them especially so, from the appeal it made to the feelings of ordinary humanity. A miserable-looking donkey stands 'Out in the Cold'—the title of the work—at the doorway of a ruined hut, possibly intended for his stable, but which he cannot enter, for the rickety door has been closed by the wind, and the drifting snow has blocked it up, and the poor disconsolate animal looks wistfully and ruefully at his accustomed place of refuge from the inclement weather. There is a half-humorous feature in the subject, but it is closely allied with pity for the donkey: "the colour is admirably treated, and the sense of complete isolation given by the outline of the animal against the blank background of deep snow is well marked."

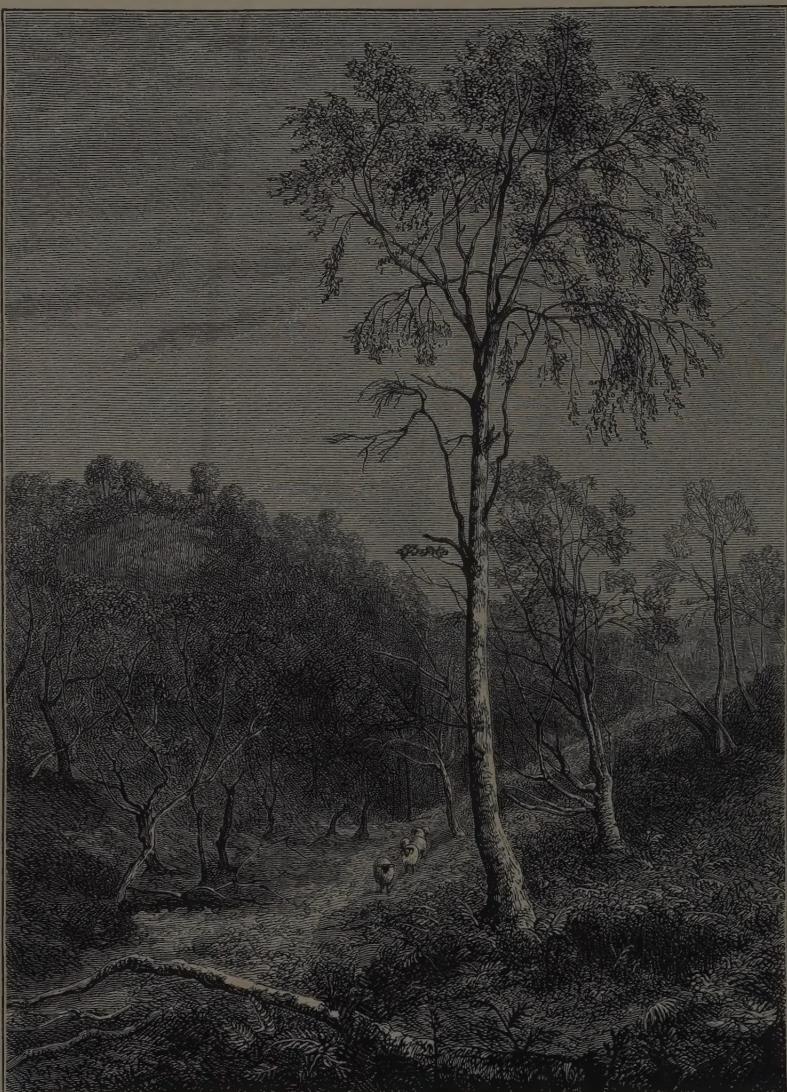
The second picture of

the year had for a title—

"Night—most glorious night, thou wert not made for slumber;"

and a "most glorious" landscape this is—a summer moonlight glittering on the almost waveless sea, and shedding a softened brilliancy on the figures and over the entire range of the composition.

In the Royal Academy exhibition of 1875 Mr. MacWhirter was unusually strong, for he sent in three works, all very different in subject, and one of them of large dimensions. Taking them in the order of the catalogue, the first on the list bore as its title the well-known Scottish motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," in allusion to the thistle, of which numerous specimens appear in the picture, mingled with creeping brambles,



The Lady of the Woods.

dog-roses, and other wild shrubs of spontaneous growth in forest brake and glade and jungle; and among this mass of uncultivated productions of nature are beautiful specimens of butterflies disporting. The picture is full of that detail which may be designated as the artist's "early love." The next represents a number of 'Strayed Sheep'—the name given to the composition—straggling along a lonely shore: it shows much to commend it both in design and execution. The last of the three was a grand landscape, about seven feet wide—a scene in Scotland—bearing as its title

"Land of the mountain and the flood,"

and fully sustaining, as our engraving testifies, the aptness of the quotation in the characteristics of the material of the picture. At the base of a range of "cloud-capped" mountains a river, of comparatively narrow width in its ordinary condition,

has, by some vast accession of waters, widened itself till it has overflowed the banks, and is now rushing tumultuously, and "foaming itself white with rage," as it were, over the huge boulders which strive in vain to impede its progress, while producing no other result than to create numerous mimic cataracts that help to give force and picturesque grandeur to the scene—one not often presented on canvas with such power and truth.

As a contrast to this composition of "sound and fury," we oppose our next illustration, 'THE LADY OF THE WOODS,' in the Academy exhibition of 1876, a graceful birch-tree, truly "lady-like" in form and carriage, rearing her tender branches laden with golden leaves against the blue sky: all the background is painted in beautiful harmony and keeping—a delicious scene most suggestive of quietude and repose, with all its details most conscientiously presented. It had as its companion in the gallery 'Spindrift,' showing a white horse drawing



Over the Border.

a cart laden with seaweed along the beach on a stormy day, when the spindrift is covering the surface of the sea: a striking and very attractive picture. In the year following Mr. MacWhirter's pictures in the Academy were 'OVER THE BORDER' and 'The Source of a River:' the former is engraved on this page. It will be seen to show a wide stretch of almost barren moorland at sunset, with a clump of stunted trees reflecting long shadows in a pool of water in the foreground. Along the roadway is a horseman fleeing for his life to get "over the Border" into a land where in all probability he will find sanctuary: the scene itself is uninviting enough, but is rendered interesting by poetic treatment. Its companion, which hung in the same room, presents a tiny stream, nearly hidden by broad ferns, nodding blue-bells, and an amount of "greenery" of various kinds almost tropical in their variety and richness. Last year the painter sent to the Academy one of the most beautiful pictures he has ever exhibited; he called it 'The Three Graces,' which were

three most elegant birch-trees, a group arranged with singular taste and harmony of lines, with a foreground of thick brushwood as their support trailing and clustering at their feet: a most worthy pendant to the 'Lady of the Woods.' It is in such sylvan subjects as these that Mr. MacWhirter's pencil revels, and amid which it does such good service.

We have already noticed this artist's love of travel, and the uses he has occasionally made of his visits, which have been, at some time or other, made to nearly the whole of Continental Europe. In the spring of 1877 he visited America, crossed the prairies by the Pacific Railway, visiting Salt Lake City, &c., and on to San Francisco, spending considerable time in the far-famed Yosemite Valley and among the gigantic trees of Mariposa. We hear Mr. MacWhirter contemplates making a "sketching tour" somewhere in the tropics, and hopes to find subjects for study among the wonderful vegetation of the South Sea Islands.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

BIBLIA IN THE LENOX COLLECTION.

THE recent opening of a department of the new library on upper Fifth Avenue was a particularly interesting event in the brief history of bibliography in this country. The collection of Bibles which was then for the first time exhibited to the public is known to be unequalled in American libraries; it is rivalled by very few collections in the world, indeed, in point of representing rare and celebrated early editions. An opportunity of viewing such examples having never before been offered in America, it was an esteemed privilege to many lovers of books. Without an approach to *éclat*, the occasion was one to bring out not a few representatives of fashion and of dilettanteism. The typical bibliophile—

“ . . . in closet close ypent,
Of sober face with learned dust besprent—”

who is not a familiar character among us as yet, arrived at this high entertainment with speed and rejoicing; thither he came with sense unconscious to near rose or fir-tree, but wrought upon by an ideal scent of vellum and old morocco.

The south wing of the building is the part designed for permanently containing the numerous and beautiful Bible editions, in many languages and of many epochs, which this library possesses.

The first volume to be seen, on approaching the central rose-wood case from the entrance to that room, is the great bibliographical treasure known as the Mazarin Bible. The appropriateness of that arrangement could but be instantly recognised; that noble work which still offers the problem of its existence to the intellect of mankind was most fitly placed among the Bibles. It seems nearly incredible that, so beautiful and rich as it is in its style of early typography and its embellishments of mediæval trace, it could in a modern age have become encompassed within clouds of mystery, and that it should so remain. The careful possessor of a copy of this edition usually does not neglect the addition of his “supposed to have been,” to the ordinary statement of its having been printed by Gutenberg between 1450 and 1455. It is he who knows better than almost any one besides how it has happened that a hundred years of bibliographical disputation on the subject comes to no more than one supposition opposed to another. Strange that typography, which can no longer be described as reticent in relation to its own or other affairs, should have neglected so its own ready means of giving an account of its infant experiences! Whoever seeks that knowledge among the labyrinths of bibliography finds himself pursuing a will-o’-the-wisp; no torch, provided for lighting up the dark printing-places of fifteenth-century Haarlem and Mayence, is sufficient to illuminate that point. One who should read Adrien Junius, and after him Meerman, and others following the same idea, would hardly discredit that story about the apprentice of Laurence Coster stealing types and decamping with them to Mayence; and that in consequence of that fact the works of Gutenberg compared with the “Speculum Humanis Salvationis,” attributed to the press of Coster. But no one is likely to read these works and not find, on the other hand, the seeming proofs that Coster never did such work as printing at Haarlem; that he, in fact, was neither printer nor engraver at all. Jacques de Jongh went far enough to affirm that there were distinguished men in his time in Holland who doubted the existence of such a person as Coster. And statements made in relation to Gutenberg approached the wildness of these assertions regarding contemporary printers. It is not surprising that an important key to that most curious history buried in this Bible should have been an object of such eager and continued search. The chaos of opinion relating to it is analogous to that greater chaos of ideas of doctrine based upon the words it contains. Nor does there seem much greater mystification as to the manner in which language came into the world to man than pertains to the modern invention of mobile characters for its reproduction.

The origin of modern interest in this Bible dates back only to the discovery made in the last century by M. de Bure of a copy in

the Mazarin Library, which has given name to the edition. The collection to which that volume belonged has been properly celebrated in the annals of bibliography. A library at Rome was also in the possession of Cardinal Mazarin, but it was during those later years of his life passed in France that he accumulated the whole of that splendid library which was second only to the royal collection in extent and magnificence. In Jacob's time, that writer reported that of manuscripts in folio there were about four hundred in virgin morocco—“moroquin incarnat”—and covered with borders of gold. According to the catalogues made in the execution of Colbert's scheme to secure the treasures of this library for the Bibliothèque du Roi, the manuscripts, numbering 2,156 volumes, were valued at 17,248 livres, a sum which produced a revenue of some importance to Paris. A nobler collection of Art and bibliography had not been brought together by individual taste. If the cardinal loved anything in life more deeply than diplomacy, the object of that regard was Art. The sorrow with which at last he gave up the beautiful treasures he had gathered about him did not pass without representation to the world:—

“The Roman purple hides the worm that gnaws the heart within,
And Church and State, he guides them both, the puissant Mazarin!
Yet more than Church, and more than State, the Italian prized, I fear,
The Art in which his mother-land yet murmured to his ear.
So with a feeble footfall, now, he crawls along the floor,
A dying man who e'er he dies would count his treasures o'er.”

On the dispersion of his magnificent library, a portion of its treasures—those of which there were not duplicates in the royal collection—passed into the possession of the king; but his Gutenberg Bible was included with the remainder of the collection which was deposited in the Collège des Quatre Nations. That institution still preserves the beautiful example of the work upon paper which was first described by De Bure. It possesses also another from the Mazarin Library on vellum.

Of remaining copies of the Mazarin edition, it is supposed that there are about twenty in all. Mr. Dibdin, in the “Bibliotheca Spenceriana,” mentioned only five upon vellum and nine upon paper, but elsewhere in his writings suspects that the number of each kind is capable of being increased. In 1845 Mr. Sotheby enumerated but twelve copies as certainly known to him, although not appearing to doubt the existence of others which had been reported.

A careful comparison of different accounts relating to the ownership of copies of this edition, at about the middle of this century, has been made for the present paper; the list subjoined represents the facts of possession as accurately as such facts can usually be determined:—

On Vellum.—1. Henry Perkins, Esq. 2. Bibliothèque du Roi. 3. Hon. Thomas Grenville. 4. The Royal Library at Berlin.

On Paper.—1. Duke of Sussex. 2. Earl Spencer. 3. Bodleian Library. 4. George Hibbert, Esq. 5. Eton College. 6. Frankfort. 7. King's Library, British Museum. 8. Bibliothèque du Roi. 9. Henry Perkins, Esq. 10. The Library of the Mazarin College. 11. The Imperial Library at Vienna. 12. The Public Library at Treves. 13. The Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. 14. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. 15. John Fuller, Esq. 16. Mr. Lloyd.

Mr. Pettigrew doubted accounts he had heard of other copies being in libraries of Frankfort, Hanover, Leipsic, and Munich. Still, such copies have been described by *savants* who judged them to be of that edition. The vellum copy mentioned by Meerman, which he found in the Benedictine Library of Mont-St. Jacques, in the suburbs of Menthon, appears generally to be accounted as an example of that work; proofs of its characters having been engraved by Pestelius for the purpose of identification, it was found to correspond in every particular to the copy in the Collège des Quatre Nations or Mazarin College. The statement has been made that a fragment of the volume had been conveyed to Paris for better confirmation.

The copy of the Duke of Sussex had been purchased from the library of James Perry, Esq. That of Hon. Thomas Grenville,

which came into his possession from the MacCarthy sale, was the one which had formerly belonged to the celebrated Gaignat collection; it is the same of which De Bure treated in his great *catalogue raisonné* of that library. Mr. Henry Perkins's copy on paper was acquired from the collection of Sir Mark Sykes. The vellum copy of Mr. Perkins was bought at the sale of Messrs. George and William Nicol, of Pall Mall, to whom it had been consigned by Mr. Horn. At that time it brought only £540. In the Perkins sale of June, 1873, Mr. Ellis purchased the vellum copy of that edition for £3,400, and Quaritch paid £2,690 for the copy on paper. It was stated at the time that till that sale no book, except the celebrated "Valdarfer Boccaccio," had ever brought a thousand pounds. In recent years few changes have taken place in the ownership of these interesting volumes. Accordingly, the table which has been given, excepting in case of the Perkins copies and that of Mr. Hibbert, is not far from representing the present distribution. The

copy now owned by Mr. Lenox has been in his possession about twenty-five years, having been acquired from the Hibbert collection.

This is one of the copies which contain forty lines in each column in the first nine pages, the tenth page having forty-one lines, and the remainder of the work forty-two lines in each column, and with the first two headings only of the books printed. In the other variety forty-two lines occur in each column throughout the whole work, the headings of the books being all written either in red or black ink. These typographical distinctions, which are of the greatest consequence in the bibliographical controversy, are without special interest to the critic or the general reader. The watermarks most frequently occurring in the paper of this edition are those of the Bull's Head and Bunch of Grapes—"cette éternelle tête de bœuf," &c. The Bull proper is to be found in some portions.

[To be continued.]

THE LAND OF EGYPT.

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, LATE BRITISH CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.



GYPT, whose name was made familiar to us in our childhood as the land of the Pharaohs, as the scene of the thrilling history of Joseph, as the place of servitude of the Israelites—Egypt, the cradle of the earliest known civilisation, and the spot most envied, coveted, and fought for by Asiatics, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, is undoubtedly the most interesting and instructive country in the world.

It is doubtful whether our fathers, or even we ourselves in our early days, positively realised the fact of the actual existence of Egypt and

of other distant countries of which we were taught to read in our biblical and classical lessons. Did we believe that Egypt, Jerusalem, Joppa, and Damascus were places still inhabited, and that the manners and customs of their inhabitants had undergone but little change during thousands of years? Probably most of us must give a negative answer to this question. But our ignorance was at that time perfectly excusable. The means of communication in the beginning of this century were few; travelling, either by land or by sea, was accompanied with great danger, and the number of travellers who had visited Egypt and had given any account of their travels might have been counted on our fingers.

But during the last fifty years the adaptation of the motive power of steam to navigation and to land travelling has brought distant countries within such easy and speedy reach, that a professional man in London can now, during his annual holiday, visit Cairo or the Holy Land with less fatigue than would have been experienced by our fathers in a journey to Paris.

A voyage of three days from Brindisi, or of five days from Marseilles, will now convey the traveller to Alexandria. The land is here so flat that it is not seen until the vessel is within a very few miles of the shore. An Alexandrian pilot, in a well-trimmed sailing vessel, here meets the steamer, and nimbly swings himself on to the companion ladder which has been

lowered to receive him. He takes his stand by the captain on the bridge, and keeping a careful look-out for buoys and landmarks known to him, guides the vessel skilfully through the tortuous passage over the treacherous bar and between the hidden rocks and shoals which have hitherto rendered the entrance to this harbour so dangerous to vessels of large size. The pilotage into the harbour of Alexandria is a privilege granted to, and retained exclusively in, one family, who for centuries have held this position, and have been confirmed in it by special firman from every successive Ottoman sultan. About



Pompey's Pillar.

sixteen or eighteen members of the family now follow this profession, and have naturally shown themselves averse to any improvements which would render the navigation more easy, and tend to enable captains to dispense with their services. The new breakwater and mole in course of construction by

Messrs. Greenfield & Co. will make this one of the safest places of refuge in the Levant, and when the sunken rocks are removed the entrance to it will be attended with comparatively little difficulty.

The principal objects first seen on approaching Alexandria from the sea are numerous windmills on the west of the town, the white domes of mosques and palaces, the masts of the shipping in the bay, the lighthouse, and the isolated column called Pompey's Pillar. The sea is beautifully limpid and of a bright emerald green, but it suddenly changes to a turbid brown colour,

produced by the outflow of the Nile. The modern lighthouse must not be confounded with the ancient Pharos built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The new one is on the western end of the present peninsula, whereas the ancient one was at its other extremity, at the entrance to the eastern port.

Arriving in the harbour, we have on our left hand the Viceroy's palace of Ras-et-teen, and on our right the wharfs and warehouses, while in front are the arsenal, the landing-stage, custom-house, and passport office.

No sooner is the vessel moored than a number of small painted



Alexandrian Pilot.

boats surround her. They are manned by men of all Levantine nationalities—swarthy Egyptians, black Nubiens, active Greeks, and Maltese. Presently an official boat is seen approaching, rowed by eight or ten men in naval costume; we cannot call them blue jackets, for they are dressed in white linen, with red girdles and tarbushes. The Egyptian flag in the stern has a square of yellow bunting in one corner, showing that it belongs to the quarantine department; and it bears an officer of the Board of Health to examine the ship's papers. If all be found satisfactory, and the ship's doctor give a good report of the

health on board, this quarantine officer pronounces the ship clean and free to communicate with the shore. This is a signal for the hovering fleet of boats to make a simultaneous rush towards the newly arrived vessel. The boatmen clamber up the ropes and sides, and soon swarm her decks. Hotel touts, travelling dragomans, interpreters seeking the patronage of the travellers, soon produce a scene of the utmost noise and confusion in a perfect Babel of languages.

The traveller who has selected his dragoman is then conducted into one of the boats and rowed ashore, and having passed

through the usual formalities at the passport office and custom-house, emerges into a street crowded with carriages, donkey boys, camels, trucks, and bullock carts, and is soon driven in a carriage or omnibus to the hotel at which he has decided to alight. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and are not provided with footpaths; thus the safety of all pedestrians is being constantly endangered by the traffic of carriages, carts, laden camels, and donkeys. The shops are small and open-fronted, and the wares, both European and Oriental, are exposed for sale by the shopkeeper, who is either seated cross-legged on the counter or on a chair in front of his merchandise.

The carriage suddenly emerges into a fine oblong piazza planted with trees, with a fountain at each end, and an eques-

trian statue of Mohammed Aly in the centre. Here the traveller observes European houses, that are in remarkable contrast to those between which he has just passed. Hotels, consular residences, shipping offices, and other important public edifices surround this splendid square. Looking down from the balcony of the hotel in the cool of the afternoon, a motley crowd of loungers is seen strolling up and down under the shade of the trees. European merchants are there discussing politics or the state of the funds. European children, under the care of neatly clad Italian or native nursemaids, are playing about in rather a listless manner, for they all seem pale and influenced by the heat of the climate.

The principal object of interest in Alexandria is the column



Boabs, or Watchmen.

commonly called Pompey's Pillar, of which our artist has made a very graphic sketch. It is situated on an eminence outside the precincts of the modern town, in the vicinity of the Mohammedan cemetery, and is a prominent landmark, towering above every other object in any exterior view of the city. Its total height is nearly 100 feet, including base, shaft, and capital. About thirty years ago some English sailors, by means of a kite, hauled a rope over the top of the capital, and were then drawn up, and recorded their names there. An English lady was so venturesome as to consent also to be drawn up, and she still boasts of her remarkable feat. On the top of the capital were found the remains of a statue, which has been shattered in the lapse of time. The column was erected in honour of the Emperor Diocletian, as certified by a Greek inscription on its base.

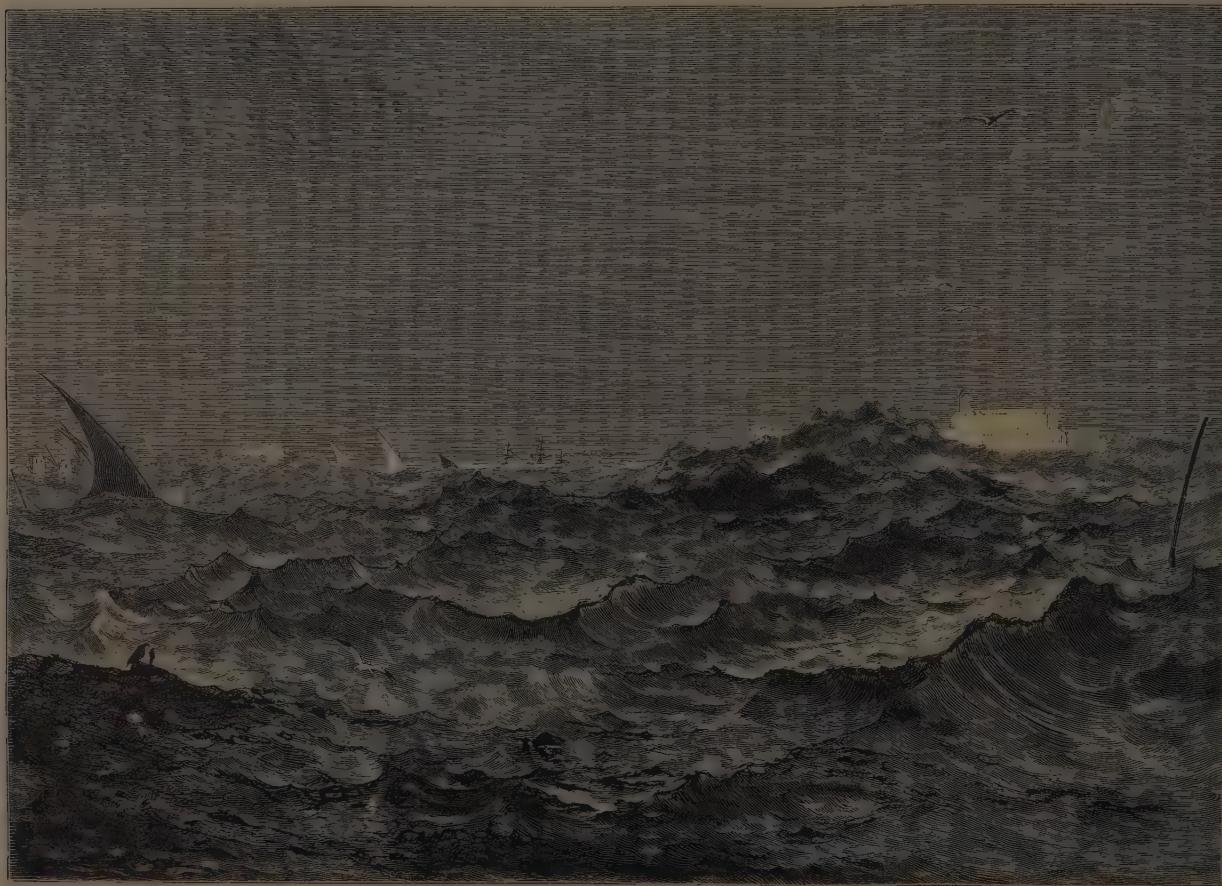
The object next in importance, and one which has lately obtained special notoriety, is Cleopatra's Needle, which stands on the shore of the eastern harbour, near the Ramleh railway station. Here formerly stood two obelisks belonging to the period of Thothmes III., a Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty. They were brought from Heliopolis in the reign of Tiberius, and set up in front of the Temple of Caesar. One is still erect, and the one which had lain prostrate for centuries has recently been transported to London, at the expense of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, by the engineering skill of Mr. John Dixon, and now adorns the Thames embankment.

The Mahmudiyah Canal is well worthy of a visit. It was dug in the reign of Mohammed Aly, in 1819-20, for the purpose of connecting the Rosetta branch of the Nile with the city of Alex-

andria. On its eastern bank are numerous villas, situated in prettily laid-out flower gardens. The broad road in front of these villas is a favourite resort of the fashionable world of Alexandria, who drive up and down in open carriages in the cool of the afternoon. On the way to this promenade the traveller has to pass several squalid native villages, where the mud hovels present a strange contrast to the magnificent country seats of the wealthy inhabitants. Indeed, Egypt is a country of striking contrasts throughout. Enormous wealth and abject poverty; dazzling light and sudden shade; richly embroidered garments and dirty rags; highly cultivated fertile fields abutting abruptly on the arid desert; imperishable buildings of the highest antiquity and modern constructions already crumbling to dust; primitive, almost archaic agricultural implements side by side with the most modern inventions of steam ploughs, pumps, and threshing machines; whilst express trains run at full speed parallel with the routes followed by the tortoise-paced camels.

Alexandria contains a mixed population of about 220,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-fourth are foreigners. Amongst the native population we have the Ulema, or learned men, students or professors of Mohammedan theology, jurisprudence, or rhetoric. They are generally scrupulously clean in their persons and in their habits, and are attired in the kumbáz, jubbeh, and white turban, which, with but slight modifications, have been their distinguishing dress from time immemorial. The Arab still wears his woollen cloak, which serves as a protection both from heat and from cold, whether by night or by day. The peasant is poorly clad in one, or at most two, garments of coarse linen or cotton stuff, and wears a felt skull-cap on his head. The Turk and the modern Egyptian officials wear black surtouts, cut square and single-breasted, somewhat like an English clergyman's frock coat, and a red tarbush with small black silk tassel.

The clerical element is also well represented in Alexandria.



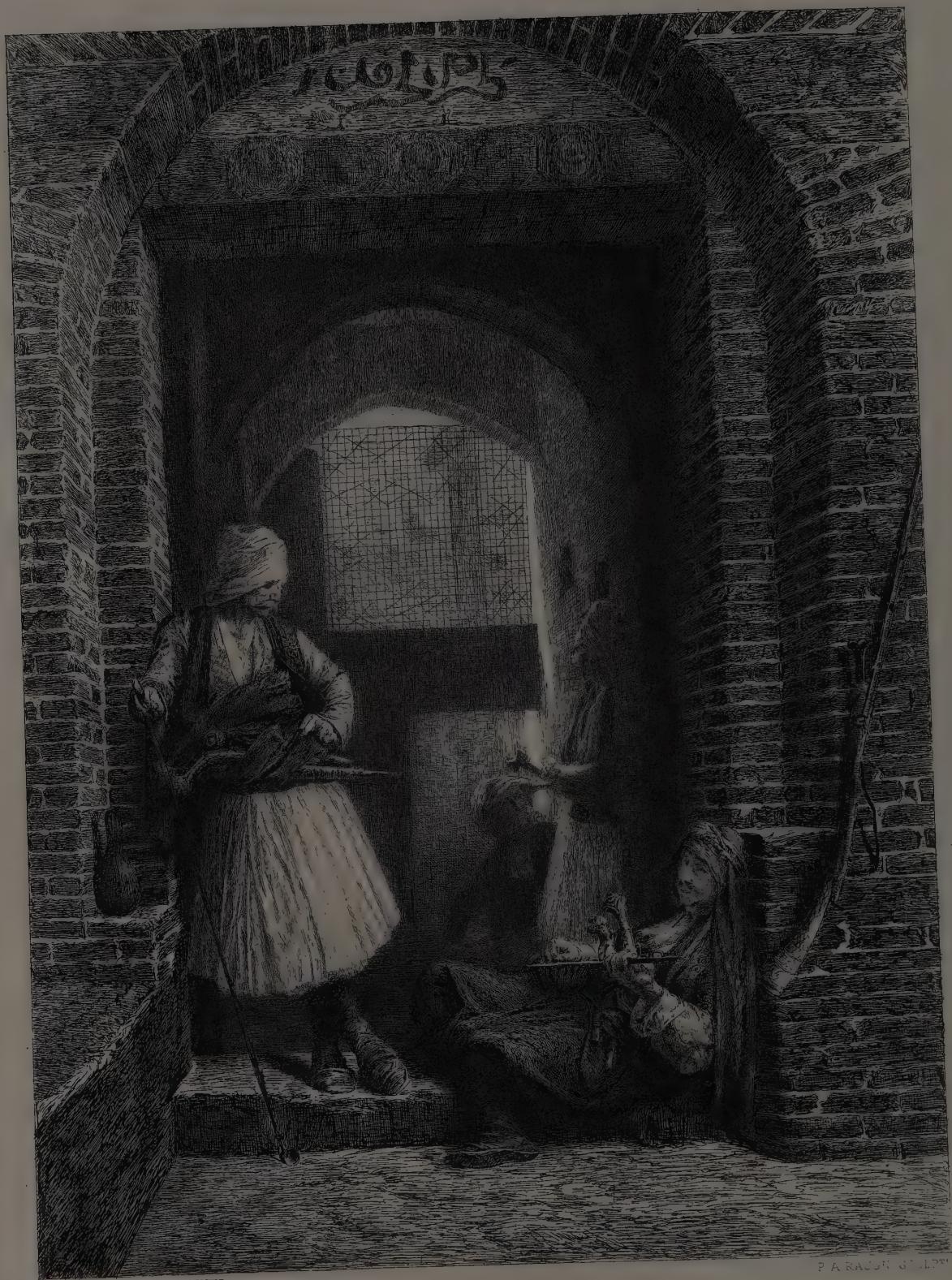
Alexandria from the Sea.

Carmelite monks, with girdles of rope and dangling rosaries, Franciscan friars and Latin priests, with their black robes and broad-brimmed, flat-crowned hats, are often met in the streets. The Oriental clergy wear long flowing robes of a dark colour, and are chiefly distinguished by their head-dress; the Greek orthodox priest, in his black camlet robe, is recognised by his peculiar cap of stiff black felt or cloth, with broad circular crown, but without brim. The cap of the Greek Catholic priest differs from that of the Greek orthodox, in that the crown, instead of being circular, is hexagonal. The Coptic priest wears a black or dark blue turban carefully twisted round his dark tarbush, and the Armenian covers his head with a large black hood.

For several miles along the sea coast to the east of Alexandria a series of pretty country houses has been built, chiefly by European merchants and officials, which form a straggling

village named Ramleh. Here they enjoy the sea breezes and sea bathing. A railway, constructed by a local company, has stations at convenient distances along its line. Here may be seen the wonderful effect of the Nile water on the native sand. This district was, until the last few years, simply an arid waste; but wherever it has been irrigated and planted its latent fertility is developed, and the labour is amply repaid by the flourishing of luxuriant trees and pretty flower gardens around the well-built, convenient houses. In open spaces near every little cluster of European dwellings is a Bedouin camp, the men acting as guards or messengers, the women rearing poultry and doing other work for the European residents, and are generally faithful to any trust reposed in them. The terminus of the Ramleh railway is about half-way between Alexandria and the Bay of Aboukir.

(To be continued.)



J. L. GEROME & R. A. PINX.

PARADES 31, 1870.

A GUARD GOING UP GUARD.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.

THOMAS MORAN AND JOSEPH RUSLING MEEKER.

MR. THOMAS MORAN was born in Bolton, Lancashire, England, on the 12th of January, 1837. In his seventh year he came to this country with his parents, and in his eighteenth year was apprenticed to a wood-engraver in Philadelphia. He studied water-colour art without a teacher, and made some successful pictures. His first oil-painting was a subject from Shelley's poem 'Alastor.' In 1862 he visited England, and paid especial attention to Turner's landscapes; in 1866 he again went to England, and gave his time to

the old masters in the English galleries, and in France and Italy. The next year he returned to America, and in 1871 accompanied Professor Hayden's exploring expedition to the Yellowstone River, where he made the sketches which he afterwards used in painting his celebrated 'Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone'—a work for which the United States Government paid him \$10,000. Of Major J. W. Powell's expedition to the cañon of the Colorado he was a member in 1873; and his picture of the 'Cañon of the Colorado' also was purchased by the Government for \$10,000. The next year he painted his 'Mountain of the Holy Cross,' from



Dreamland.—From a Painting by Thomas Moran.

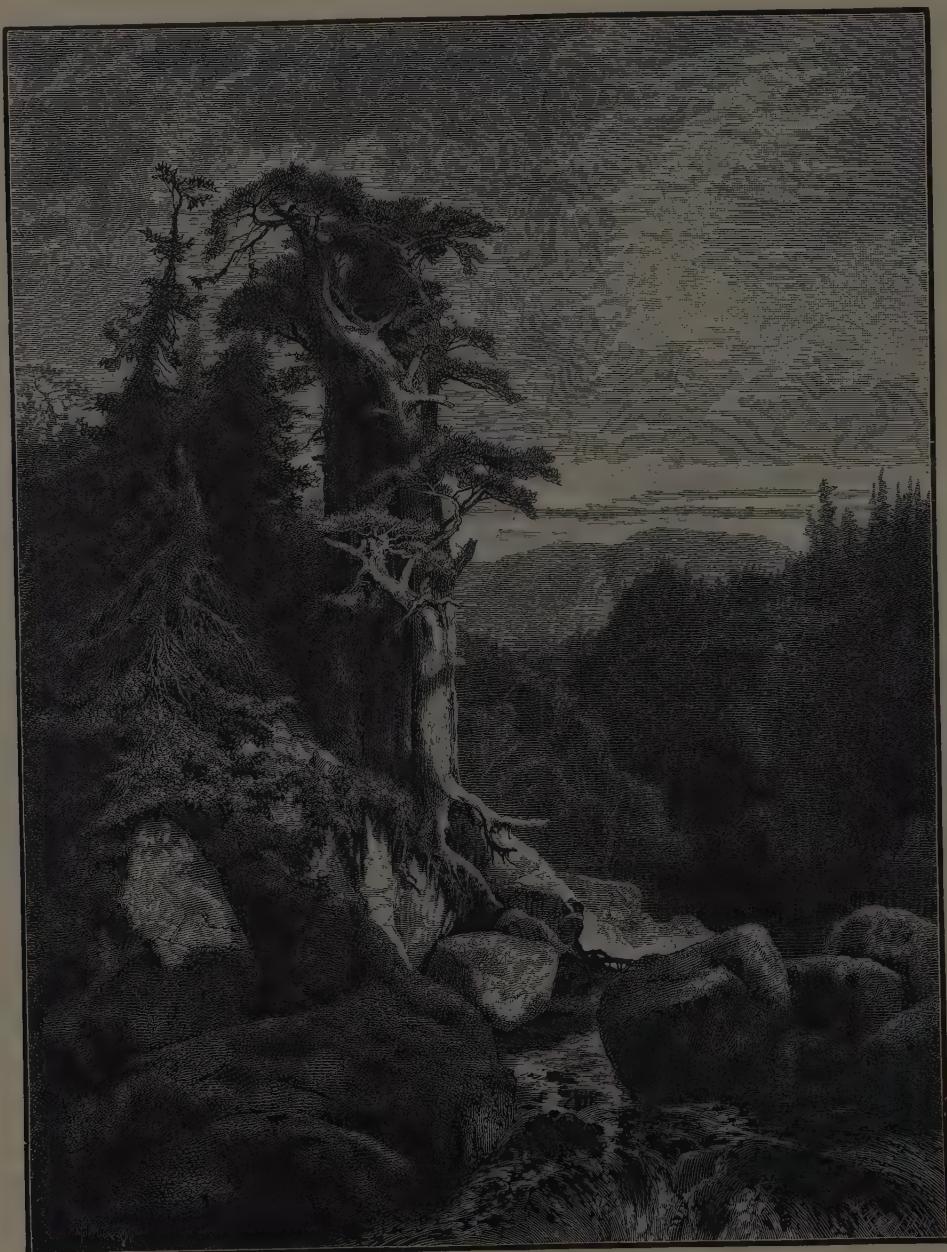
original studies. Other works of his are 'The Last Arrow,' 'The Ripening of the Leaf,' 'Dreamland,' 'The Groves were God's First Temples,' 'The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior,' 'The Conemaugh in Autumn,' 'The First Ship,' 'The Flight into Egypt,' 'The Remorse of Cain,' 'The Children of the Mountain,' 'The Track of the Storm,' and 'The Pons de Leon, Florida,' which is in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. His wife is also an accomplished artist.

A critic who saw Mr. Moran's 'Mountain of the Holy Cross' during its exhibition in New York, in April, 1875, wrote concerning it as follows: "To the technical merits of Mr. Moran's work the highest praise may be awarded. The foreground is charmingly painted, the colour is unusually pure and truthful, the rocks have all the solidity of Nature, the foliage is crisp and well defined, and there is motion in the water. At the same time, the aerial

perspective has been managed with so much skill that the spectator really feels as if the grand mountain, on which shines the glittering cross, were many miles away. In its general treatment, 'The Mountain of the Holy Cross' reminds us strongly of the studies of Calame, that almost unrivalled painter of wild mountain-scenery, though at the same time we fully recognise the fact that Mr. Moran's work bears the unmistakable stamp of originality, and we think that it will unquestionably take rank as one of the finest examples of American landscape-art that has yet been produced. Mr. Moran may well be proud of a work exhibiting so much technical skill, combined with such noble simplicity and even severity of treatment; and all who take an interest in the progress of American art must gratefully recognise the fact that at last we have among us an artist eminently capable of interpreting the sentiment of our wilder mountain-scenery in a style commensurate

with its grandeur and beauty." This picture is in the gallery of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Moran is a member of the Society of American Artists. He is extremely felicitous in selecting his subjects, and in bringing them within the conditions of pictorial treatment; he has a fine sense of the mysterious world of light and shade, and of the colour and the glory of Nature; and he has studied Turner probably longer and more faithfully than any other American artist. In a conversation with the present

writer he said: "Turner is a great artist, but he is not understood, because both painters and the public look upon his pictures as transcriptions of Nature. He certainly did not so regard them. All that he asked of a scene was simply how good a medium it was for making a picture; he cared nothing for the scene itself. Literally speaking, his landscapes are false; but they contain his impressions of Nature, and so many natural characteristics as were necessary adequately to convey that impression to others.



Solitude.—From a Painting by Thomas Moran.

The public does not estimate the quality of his work by his best paintings, but by his latest and crazier ones, in which realism is entirely thrown overboard. 'The Fighting *Téméraire*,' for example, which even Ruskin praises so extravagantly, is the most inharmonious, crude, and disagreeable, of all his productions. Its merit lies only in its plan and composition. I think that one of his best pictures is the 'Crossing the Brook,' in the London National Gallery; it is simple, quiet, grey in colour; the harmonies of its greys are wonderful. It is, perhaps, the most suggestive of Claude

of all his canvases. His aim is parallel with the greatest poets who deal not with literalism or naturalism, and whose excellence cannot be tested by such a standard. He tries to combine the most beautiful natural forms and the most beautiful natural colours, irrespective of the particular place he is presenting. He generalises Nature always; and so intense was his admiration for colour that everything else was subservient to that. He would falsify the colour of any object in his picture in order to produce what he considered to be an harmonious whole. In other words, he sacri-

ficed the literal truth of the parts to the higher truth of the whole. And he was right. Art is not Nature; an aggregation of ten thousand facts may add nothing to a picture, but be rather the destruction of it. The literal truth counts for nothing; it is within the grasp of any one who has had an ordinary art-education. The mere restatement of an external scene is never a work of Art, is never a picture. What a picture is, I cannot define any more than I can define poetry. We know a poem when we read it, and we know a picture when we see it; but the latter is even less capable of definition than the former.

"My pictures vary so much that even artists who are good judges do not recognise them from year to year. Two years ago I sent to the National Academy Exhibition some grey pictures, altogether unlike my previous work. My life, so far, has been a series of experiments, and, I suppose, will be until I die. I never painted a picture that was not the representation of a distinct impression from Nature. It seems to me that the bane of American art is that our artists paint for money, and repeat themselves, so that in many instances you can tell the parentage of a picture the moment you look at it. It is not true that the public require such a repetition on the part of the artist. Men who are constantly rehashing themselves do so from sheer inability to do otherwise. There is a lack of that genuine enthusiasm among our artists without which no great work can be produced. I believe that an artist's personal characteristics may be told from his pictures. Who wouldn't know, for example, that Frederick E. Church is a man of refinement? His works are full of refinement—refinement in touch, delicacy of form, delicacy of colour. If a man's studio is simply a manufactory of paintings, which shall tickle the ignorant in Art; if he is continually repeating himself in order to sell his pictures more rapidly or easily, this fact will convey itself to every intelligent mind. The pleasure a man feels will go into his work, and he cannot have pleasure in being a mere copyist of himself—in producing paintings which are not the offspring of his own fresh and glowing impressions of Nature. At the present time there is a revival in American Art. Our young men who have been studying in Europe are fully as accomplished as their masters. They understand the *technique* of their art just as well. It now remains for them to show whether or not they possess invention, originality, the poetic impulse, the qualities which constitute a painter. I myself think they are a most hopeful lot. Some of them make a mistake, I think, in setting up a living artist for a model, and imitating him, when only time can test his true value. The grand old painters, whose worth the centuries have attested, are overlooked. The fountain-head of inspiration is ignored. Not only is it a modern man that is set up, but often a second or third rate modern man. The Shakespeares, the Dantes, and the Homers of Art are forgotten. Of course, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, did not treat modern themes, and therefore in certain respects are not so serviceable as the present celebrities in Paris and Munich; but all the essential principles of Art are immortal: the subject is unimportant, the application of those principles is universal; the same qualities that made their possessors famous in the days of the Renaissance are of paramount importance now. I hold that modern art is not equal to the ancient.

"I place no value upon literal transcripts from Nature. My general scope is not realistic; all my tendencies are towards idealisation. Of course, all Art must come through Nature; I do not mean to deprecate Nature or naturalism; but I believe that a place, as a place, has no value in itself for the artist only so far as it furnishes the material from which to construct a picture. Topography in Art is valueless. The motive or incentive of my 'Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone' was the gorgeous display of colour that impressed itself upon me. Probably no scenery in the world presents such a combination. The forms are extremely wonderful and pictorial, and, while I desired to tell truly of Nature, I did not wish to realise the scene literally, but to preserve and to convey its true impression. Every form introduced into the picture is within view from a given point, but the relations of the separate parts to one another are not always preserved. For instance, the precipitous rocks on the right were really at my back when I stood at that point, yet in their present position they are strictly true to pictorial Nature; and so correct is the whole representation that every member of the expedition with which I was connected declared, when he saw the painting, that he knew the exact spot which had been

reproduced. My aim was to bring before the public the character of that region. The rocks in the foreground are so carefully drawn that a geologist could determine their precise nature. I treated them so in order to serve my purpose. In another work, 'The Mountain of the Holy Cross,' the foreground is intensely realistic also: its granite rocks are realised to the farthest point that I could carry them; and the idealisation of the scene consists in the combination and arrangement of the various objects in it. At the same time, the combination is based upon the characteristics of the place. My purpose was to convey a true impression of the region; and as for the elaborated rocks, I elaborated them out of pure love for rocks. I have studied rocks carefully, and I like to represent them."

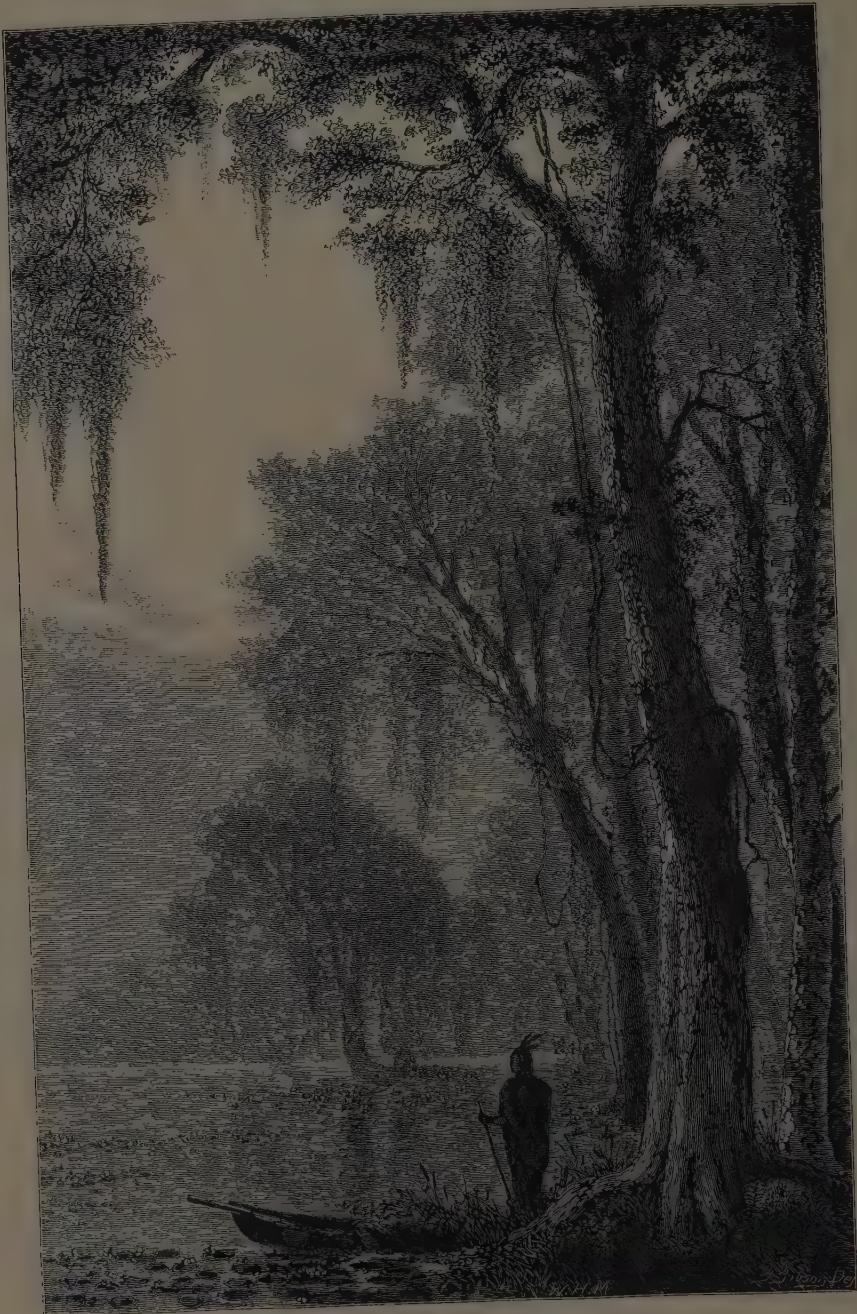
MR. JOSEPH RUSLING MEEKER, of St. Louis, was born on the 21st day of April, 1827, in Newark, New Jersey. His paternal ancestors came from Belgium in 1640 to Norwalk, Connecticut. His maternal grandfather, an artist of some pretensions, made a sketch of Washington on horseback in 1775. His mother's brother, Andrew Joline, was also an artist. The charming pastoral scenery of Cayuga and the surrounding counties, where Mr. Meeker spent his boyhood, impressed itself on his mind, and at the age of eight years he was dabbling in water-colours and stealing time during school-hours to draw on his slate, receiving many reprimands therefor from his teacher. At about sixteen he and Mr. George L. Clough occupied a studio together, and struggled at once to gain bread and knowledge. Thomas J. Kennedy, a decorator, was of great assistance to him in those days, lending him colours, and giving him much good advice. In 1845 he found himself in New York, busily drawing from casts in order to gain a scholarship in the Academy of Design. His efforts were successful. His first commission was from Mr. Hoyt, a teacher whose kindness he holds in remembrance. After living three years in New York he became discouraged, and resolved to try the West. The autumn of 1849 found him in Buffalo, where W. H. Beard and Thomas Le Clear were then painting. Here he found some excellent friends, his pictures went up to paying prices, and the American Art Union purchased them occasionally. In 1852 he removed to Louisville, and remained there seven years. In 1859 he pitched his tent in St. Louis, where the Western Academy of Art had been formed, and the outlook for artists was inviting. The war of the rebellion came, and he entered the United States Navy as a paymaster. It was during the time he was on a gun-boat in the Mississippi squadron that he had opportunities for making those sketches of Southern swamp and bayou scenery which have made his name well known in the Southwest, and of which we give two examples.

Since the war Mr. Meeker has exhibited at the Academy of Design in New York, at the Boston Art-Club, and in various other cities East and West. Some of his pictures have been engraved. He was active in establishing the St. Louis Art Society, the St. Louis Sketch Club, and the St. Louis Academy of Fine Arts. He has been thrice elected President of the Art Society.

The literary tastes of Mr. Meeker are not less marked than his artistic tastes. He is a writer for the magazines as well as a landscape-painter. In the January-February number of *The Western* for 1878, a periodical published in that city, is an article by him, entitled "Some Account of the Old and New Masters;" and in the December number of the same review for 1877, a paper on Turner, from which is taken the following extract of a criticism on that artist's picture, 'Heidelberg,' which possesses autobiographic interest: "Search the whole composition through, and you will not find a square inch that is not filled with infinite detail. Passing to other qualifications which belong to this grand composition, we note one which determines the merit of the whole work—which involves the harmony of lines, the contrast of light and shade, and the entire value of the tones. This is the quality of unity, which dissipates all crudeness, causes an harmonious juxtaposition of light and dark, and compels all the lines in the picture to flow so gently one into another that the eye shall receive no offense. When there is perfect unity the composition is perfect. Each object assumes its proper relative position; the colours are disposed so as to produce the utmost harmony; and the major and minor lights and shades are so arranged that the tone of the work shall give a satisfying sense of completeness—a high light here, a

lesser light there, and so on through the scale, repeating a like gradation in the darks, and at last carrying the eye by deft combinations of line and tone to the final element of repose beyond all. Another quality will be discovered which belongs to all great Art, and is quite as essential to the completeness of a picture as either of the others named. This may be termed the quality of mystery. Understanding the value of this, the artist vaguely defines such of

his outlines as would offend the eye by their boldness, and by the use of mists and nimbus clouds lending obscurity to portions of the picture suggestive of something more than can be seen, making us wish to explore the half-hidden vistas. In this element of mystery lies much of the poetic sentiment of a work of Art, and no work can really and truly inspire the soul with lofty aspirations unless it possesses this quality.



The Indian Chief.—From a Painting by Joseph Rusling Meeker.

"We now come to an element which is perhaps the most important in a composition—the element of repose, where the eye finally rests, quietly and peacefully, in refreshing indolence, after scanning the multitudinous detail. This valuable element is introduced or heightened by a sun-burst, a bank of light clouds, or a rainbow, the eye always naturally seeking this one brilliant spot. A picture generally contains two or three points of repose, though

the final one in the sky must be the most prominent and attractive. In the 'Heidelberg' we find one quite important point of repose in the bridge that crosses the Neckar, and another lesser one resting in the castle on the hillside. But the final one which the eye seeks with the greatest delight is in the rainbow which rests on the top of the mountain and loses itself in the darkness of clouds at the top of the picture. I have seen several hundreds of engra-

vings after designs by Turner, and I might almost assert that one-half of them had rainbows in the sky, which were put there by the artist for no other purpose than to gain that charming element of repose.

"Turner's first studies were made among the ruins of old castles and abbeys in England, and thus there became deeply implanted in his nature a love for the picturesque. So strong did this passion become, that he was forever introducing into his pictures rugged and broken forms, which he used as contrasting lines

to the elements of repose. It is impossible to view any dilapidated, moss-grown structure, whether of wood or stone, without a feeling of sadness and melancholy stealing over the heart; it is natural, and belongs to all ruin and decay. That is why Ruskin, seeing Turner's works through his own imagination, discovers a vein of sadness in them which did not actually exist. Analyse the faces of the two men: you will find the former full of a sorrowful longing for something unattainable, while the latter contains an expression of general good-nature and an entire freedom from any-



Near the Atchafalaya.—From a Painting by Joseph Rusling Meeker.

thing like woe. It is certain that Turner painted with the child-like, unpretending simplicity of all earnest men, and did what he loved and felt, and sought what his heart naturally sought. And so every artist ought to paint what he himself loves, not what others have loved. If his mind be pure and sweetly toned, what he loves will be lovely. All true Art is the production of the age, the country, and the climate. Neither the antique nor religious art can ever be reproduced. 'The times are out of joint' for any revival of what the great masters did. In the palmy days of Greek

art the imitators all failed, and even the schools of religious art dwindled into insignificance because their followers had not strength enough to be original. There is a future for Art yet. Give America another hundred years, and genius born and educated on her own soil will outstrip the past. But it is a great mistake to suppose there is no high art produced in these modern times. However humble the theme, the touch of genius ennobles it, and we are forced to gaze in astonishment, sometimes, at the power exhibited in subjects very far removed from the antique."

NEW YORK INTERIORS.

RESIDENCE OF JAMES P. KERNOCHEAN, ESQ.

HAD it not been for the typical house of Glaucus, the beautiful novel of "The Last Days of Pompeii" had never been written.

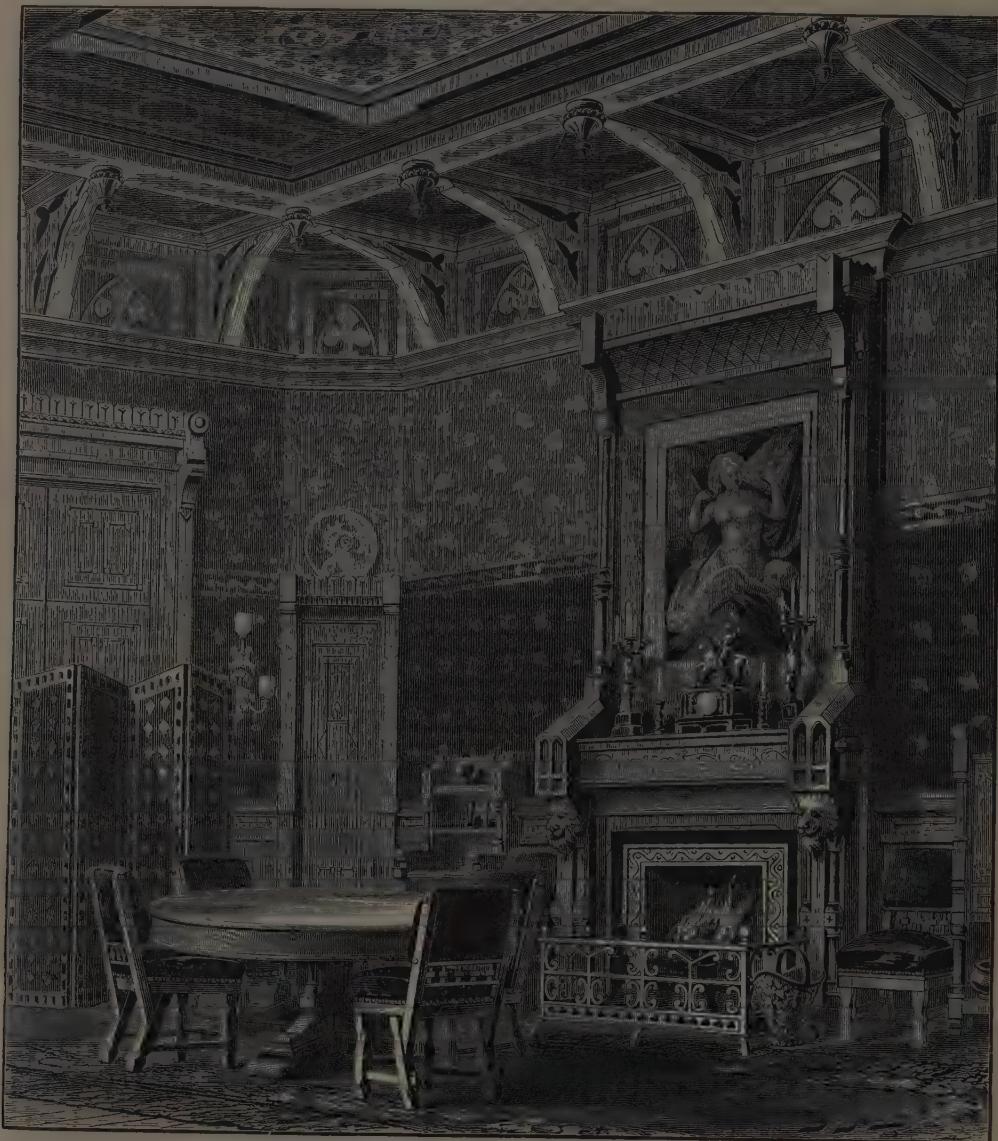
With that house unveiled to us, the story of antique civilisation is told. We thank that conservative shower of ashes, which has so preserved for us the luxurious life of other days.

It seems no longer strange that Glaucus should talk, like a young London lord, about "his wine cooled with snow," which, like

"Love repressed, cools but to inflame the wine,"

as we see before us his beautiful dining-room.

Youth, and wealth, and luxury, make the same conditions now



Dining-room.—Residence of James P. Kernochan, Esq.

as then. Hospitality, and taste, and pretty things, breed handsome thoughts. The wit of the dinner-table should be, and perhaps always is, the brightest wit of the day. The conditions are charming. The work of the day is done, and the twilight has softened our mood. We have dressed, and the refreshed body acts on the mind. We are no longer slaves of the ring or the lamp. No, they are our slaves! For us the gas sparkles and the

wine flows; for us jewels glitter and flowers send forth their perfume. Viands delicately cooked send up a savoury greeting. He who cannot talk well at a modern dinner-table has no music in his soul.

Should an unexpected comet visit us and wipe off our atmosphere, or a shower of ashes descend to keep us in *intaglio* for the next two thousand years, the New-Zealander who should explore

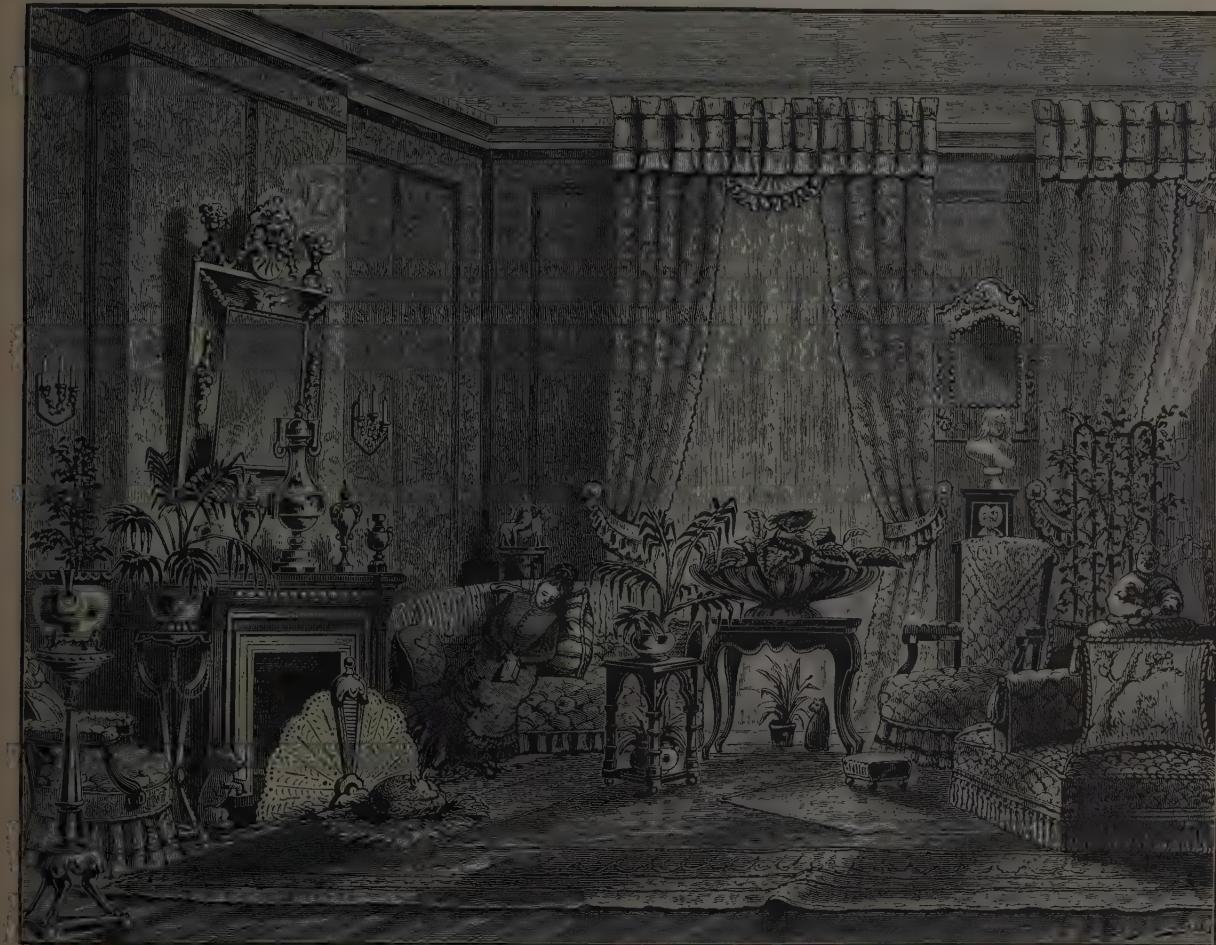
our deserted streets would scarcely find a more typical dining-room than that of Mr. James P. Kernochan, the picture of which is before us. Spacious and lofty, it tells a story of the prosperity of New York, its solid fortunes, its steady and its ephemeral growths. For it has both. It has been like Aladdin's palace in the quickness of its splendour; it has struck its roots deep into the soil, like the slower growth of an English city. This beautiful room has few superiors in New York, and yet there are in that street of palaces—the Fifth Avenue—enough to bear it company, so that, instead of presenting a picture of isolated beauty, it is a typical room.

One of its many merits is its shape—almost a square, with vaulted roof—it is cosy as well as spacious. So large a room might be lonely were it not for this harmony of shape. But "shape is sound," as some poetical architect has written.

Then it has the luxury of colour. Not long since the decorators discovered that Juno's bird, the peacock, had in his form, and shape, and tints, the very alphabet and lexicon of decoration. The colour of his superb neck—that blue-green—was so exquisite, both by day and night; his feather, being Juno's eye in the painting of the gods, could be conventionalised so perfectly—altogether the peacock has become, like the ibis of the Egyptians, a bird to be worshipped.

The colour, then, of this charming dining-room is peacock-green, and the eye appears in the ceiling and borders. Not to be too monotonous, another royalty is introduced, and the three feathers of the Prince of Wales, in gold, light up the blue and green.

The solid woodwork, of a light tint shows out gracefully and well against this mass of colour, and steel fixtures to the fireplace



Boudoir.—Residence of James P. Kernochan, Esq.

give a diamond glitter to that most comforting of winter landscapes, a wood-fire. Heavy draperies of woollen stuffs, of the same colour as the wall or screen, which breaks the distance and rests the eye; a long, solid table and Eastlake chairs complete the silent picture.

But when the cloth is spread, what china, porcelain, faience, delight the eye! Dresden, with perforated edges; Sèvres, bearing the beautiful heads of Lamballe, Marie Antoinette, and others equally beautiful and more fortunate; grapes, and peaches, and birds and deer, painted by a master-hand—such is the china. Monogram glass of the clearest, damask of the whitest, and, above the mantel, Io in clouds awaits him who comes in grander cloud—even great Jupiter himself.

Comfort is built into every detail of this fine room. It is not pretentious, it is not insincere. Everything is real. It will last, let us hope, a thousand years.

A very pretty room is Mrs. Kernochan's boudoir. Here Japan

has been invaded for her rich stuffs and monsters. They come in well with the gaily-painted *cretonne* which forms the curtains, the covering of the wall, and the edges of the mirror-frames and chairs. All is *upholstered*, tufted, and covered; there are no sharp angles here. A delicious sense of repose follows one into this comfortable room, where one should read only Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters."

"They came into a land where it was always afternoon!"

Great Turkey rugs cover the parquet floor. The colours are like spring flowers—green and pink, and purple and pale-yellow. *Jardinières* filled with large-leaved colias and calla-lilies complete the luxury, finish, and refinement of this room. A great brass fender, spread like the tail of Juno's bird (again), protects the floating drapery from the fire. These *cretonne* rooms are very pretty, but will they last? Not through a Pompeian experience, certainly.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

X.

GUSTAVE DORÉ exhibited two remarkable works, which were described by our Paris correspondent in the number for August last. The one has for its title 'Amor et Parca,' a mystic illustration of a youthful victim paralyzed by passion, and



aid of which mortals of both sexes, unencumbered with vestments, toil in spasmodic effort to ascend, while Cupids circle about to encourage or thwart. With such productions as these before us, it would be futile to deny that M. Doré's aspirations have been realised. Though similar instances are not by any

borne away in the relentless grasp of a winged Destiny. The other work is a very rhapsody of invention. Here we have a vast Vase, which is to be supposed brimming with the false felicities of love and wine. It is wreathed with flower-branches, by the



means numerous, he is not the only painter who has contended for the palm that awaits those who patiently and perseveringly labour to attain distinction as professors of the sister art. Leighton in England and Noel Paton in Scotland are examples of a like ambition.

GLASS ORNAMENTATION.—*Continued.*

WHEN a steam-engine was employed, and the sand consequently driven against the material with great force, the effect was very remarkable; pieces of thick glass, slabs of marble or stone, were by these means engraved to patterns half an inch deep, the

ornamentation, however, not being cut down vertically, but at an angle, the atoms of sand glancing off from the sides of the design. To produce such effects as these last, considerable power is required; but light engraving was produced by sand simply falling through a tube by its own gravity from a hopper placed several feet high. Sand-work could never compete with fine engraving, but it is a highly ingenious mode of surface ornamentation.

We have no space here to more than notice a Cabinet of Glass—a singular and very interesting novelty—the work of Messrs. W. and C. OSLER, of Birmingham and London. A good idea of its exceeding grace and beauty will be conveyed by our engraving. Some sustaining

portions are of wood and metal, but all its principal parts are of glass, composed and arranged with taste and judgment—very striking in effect. Few objects in the Exhibition attracted more attention or greater admiration.



The grand difference between cutting and engraving is that the former alters the surface, converting it into angular projections or facets, while engraving—that is to say, ordinary engraving; we shall have to speak of other kinds presently—leaves the forms and profiles of the object it decorates practically untouched. Cutting was a purely conventional kind of ornamentation, which called for great skill, but no Art; engraving also demands much skill, great delicacy of touch, and includes any amount of Art, even the highest figure drawing. The slightest touch of the small revolving-wheel, dressed with some cutting substance like emery, makes a

mark on the glass, and it is not difficult to understand that a skilled workman, with a design supplied to him, can with its aid trace letters, ciphers, crests, or any other kind of ornament on the glass. Such work forms the ordinary occupation of the glass-engraver, but the degrees of excellence to which it is carried are many. The ordinary style of decoration is simple, and this is more fitting than complicated work for objects of every-day use. A glass decanter or jug to contain brilliantly coloured wines certainly does not call for the application of much Art; a crest or cipher, a few stars, a light, elegant band of ornamentation near

Messrs. PINDER, BOURNE & Co., of

medal awarded to them has been

modelling and good painting; while their de-



England, manufacture only earthenware; but that branch of ceramic Art



well earned, for among their exhibits are many admirable works



signs are not often surpassed by the more ambitious producers of porcelain. Our selections are made



they carry near to perfection. The silver



entitled to high praise for good



from a large assemblage of productions that do credit to the firm.

the rim, delicate flowers and foliage, are the most fitting decorations.

As to common engraved work, executed by means of fluoric acid, in designs covering the whole surface, and having no more effect than a bit of the commonest machine-made lace, they are utterly unworthy of notice, except by way of condensation. But when a beautiful object like glass, whether plain or coloured, can be decorated with comparative ease, the inducement to lavishness in ornamentation is very great, and consequently glass-engravers without artistic talent or appreciation have covered acres of ruby,

green, white, and other glass with hunting-scenes, and even classic subjects, which to an artistic eye are simply hideous; this kind of so-called "ornamentation" is happily on the wane, and elegant simplicity has assumed its proper place.

But glass affords a fine field for the true artist; it is so beautiful in itself, and, except against violence, so lasting, that it offers an extremely tempting material to work upon; consequently within a few years we have seen much true Art-work on glass. Beautiful designs of flowers and scroll-work, and even elaborate compositions including figures, often drawn from mythology, executed

One of the most attractive and effective bronze works in the Exhibition—contributed by Herr WAAGNER, of Vienna—is a Pillar Candelabra.



labrum of much beauty; it is designed by a first-class artist. The figures are well modelled.

on claret jugs and large flat Venetian bottles, have become common of late, many of them exquisite works of Art, which have been purchased at great prices for museums, and by such connoisseurs as could afford the outlay. Originally all this kind of engraving was left dull and unpolished, and the contrast between the matted ornamentation and the brilliant ground is extremely pleasing; it was also in very low relief, or rather shallow intaglio, but the light passing through the substance of the glass produced the effect of bas-relief.

Lately, however, engraved glass has developed in more than

WE engrave a Cabinet by the leading upholstery house of New York, and also of Paris—that of L. MARCOTTE & CO. It is a work of very great merit and beauty. The wood employed is ebony. Although a production of the New World, it competes with the very best works of the old. The American firm has assuredly shown that its home manufactures of the higher



order may in no way shrink from comparison with the best issues of the long-established ebenistes of Paris. The cabinet, while as a whole imposing in effect, will bear the minutest scrutiny as to all its details.

one direction; new forms and modifications in the style of engraving have created quite a new epoch in the beautiful art. When the old shapes were abandoned, the decanter and jug based on the Greek amphora and the flat Venetian bottle reigned almost supreme; now we have a large variety of forms, adaptations of the classic, and Gothic and Celtic forms. The reproduction of the Celtic style is peculiarly happy. Like the Gothic, the outlines of the vessels are conical, but the Celtic examples are shorter in the body than the former, and are mounted with metal handles and covers, while the Gothic specimens are fitted with stoppers in the

We engrave a singularly perfect example of design and make in Lace, the production of FRANZ BOLLARTH, of Vienna, the design being from the pencil of the artist, J. Storck. The work has been executed by command of her Imperial Majesty the

Empress of Austria, specially for exhibition in Paris. This most beautiful object, a specimen of delicate and refined workmanship of the very highest order, has attracted and merited universal attention and admiration, with several works of similar character,



made by the same producer from designs by the same accomplished artist: of these we may hereafter give engravings. They are shown at a good time, for in this branch of Art industry very little has been done by either France or England. Of machine-made lace there may be enough and to spare; but

of the produce of delicate fingers there is far too little that may vie with works of the olden time. If artists will design, intelligence direct, and subtle hands execute, surely the works produced to-day may rival those of the long ago, that have become so rare as well as so beautiful as to be coveted at any cost.

usual way. In these beautiful works the design is arranged in panels and bands, the glass being cut away so as to give two or three different levels, producing charming effects. This method of sinking certain parts of the ground, and then engraving portions or the whole of the surface, calls into play all the talent of the designer and engraver. In this kind of work the engraving is of very slight depth. Another development is that of deep, bright cutting, sometimes in relief, like a cameo, sometimes sunk, as in intaglio; in either case thick glass is employed, and the deepest portions are sunk to the depth of a quarter of an inch or more.

French manufacturers have adopted some square and rhomboidal forms similar to those often employed by the Chinese and Japanese potters, and have produced bold floral patterns, with birds and other objects, in this deep engraving, which is brilliantly polished. It should be stated that in this deep engraving parts may be undercut, and thus an extraordinary effect of relief produced when desired.

English artists have largely employed figure subjects, generally taking them from the antique. In Messrs. Webb's collection is a portion of the frieze of the Parthenon, executed in

Among the very best productions of the cabinet-maker, conspicuous in the Exhibition, was the Cabinet of Mr. CHARLES GREEN, of Sheffield—a country manufacturer who competes with the long and well es-

tablished houses of London. The description that might fill a page must be condensed into a few lines. The artist who designs also executes this remarkable and admirable work. It is the production of a thoughtful



scholar, who laboured so that to look upon its results would be refreshing reminders of the high ways that made England truly great.

relief and polished, around the neck of a vase, producing an object of truly high Art.

It is almost superfluous to say that work like that last alluded to is necessarily expensive; to produce such an object of Art requires, besides the skill of the glass-blower in obtaining a beautiful form, the labour of a skilful engraver for many months; hence has arisen a series of vases and other objects in glass which have no connection with table-glass, are not intended for any useful purpose, but are as truly genuine works of Art as an exquisite Sèvres or other vase.

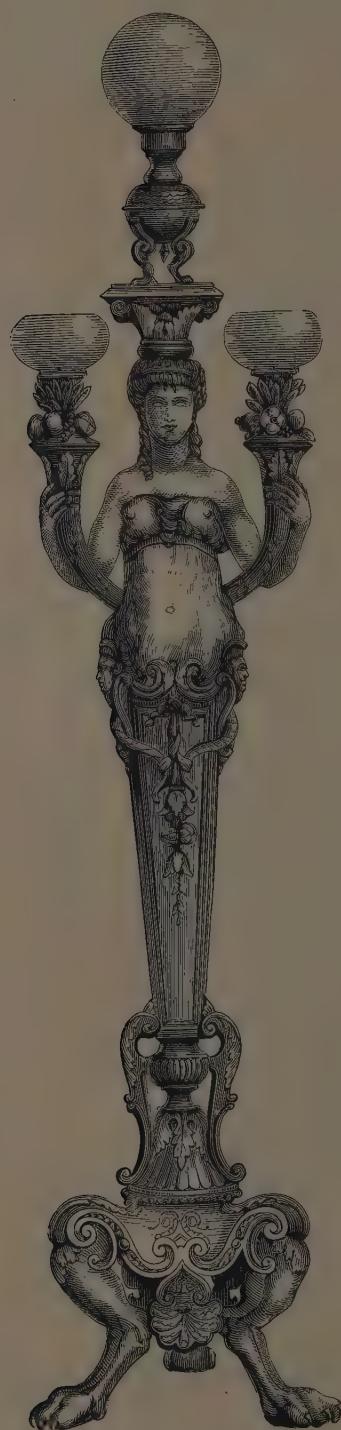
In fact, the cabinet is a history. It is of ebony, most of the illustrative "incidents" being of bronze.

A still more curious and artistic form of ornamental glass has very lately appeared in what is aptly called sculptured glass, and this kind of glass has an interesting history. When the famous vase now in the British Museum, known as the Portland or Barberini Vase, from the palace in Italy which it had adorned perhaps for centuries, was brought to England by the Duke of Portland, the secret of its manufacture was unknown; it was a Greek work of the grand period of Art, with admirably drawn figures, translucent in parts, in creamy white on a dark ground. No glass manufacturer ventured to produce such a work at that time, but Mr.

A Clock and Candelabra, the pro-

engraved on this page. As excellent exam-

among productions of this class—a class



duce of the very eminent firm of BAGUES, bronzists of Paris, are

examples of modelling and casting they are foremost



examples of modelling and casting they are foremost



for which Paris has long been pre-eminent.

Wedgwood was permitted to take a mould of the vase, and produced excellent copies of it in the beautiful jasper-ware popularly known as Wedgwood. The original vase was lent by the Duke of Portland to the British Museum for the benefit of the public, and the indignation was great when many years since a lunatic or fanatic of some kind smashed the unique and beautiful object into a thousand pieces. The question whether it was really composed of glass or some ceramic substance was settled when the edges of the innumerable pieces and the atoms chipped from them could

be carefully examined. The *débris* of this exquisite specimen of Greek Art was photographed, and this photograph may still be seen in the gem-room of the Museum, side by side with the vase itself, which has been restored with such skill as scarcely to show any mark of its destruction. A year or two since an artist named Northwood undertook a reproduction of the treasure. A dark-coloured glass vase was blown of the form of the Barberini Vase, and then encased in a tolerably thick layer of glass of the same colour as the figures on the original, and with steel tools he cut

Two Cabinets, produced by M. BLANQUI, of Marseilles, are represented on this page: underneath is one of the Furniture



Decorations of CHRISTOFLE. As in England, of late years

provincial cabinet-makers have entered boldly into competition with those of the capital. In this honourable rivalry they have



succeeded in both countries. The examples here engraved are



of walnut-wood; they are carved with consummate skill. The designer is certainly an artist; so probably are the artisans who

work out his thought; and so, no doubt, is the manufacturer by whom the admirable productions here exhibited are created.

away all the superfluous part of the upper layer, and actually sculptured the whole of the figures as they appear on the original. This clever reproduction appeared in Messrs. Daniell's exhibit at Paris. Such an event as this, occurring at a time when the ornamentation of glass was attracting much attention, could scarcely fail of producing some effect, and accordingly we find in Messrs. Webb's collection a vase decorated with two classical subjects in the same manner and by the same artist, who has already expended two years' labour upon it, and yet it is not quite finished. This beautiful work was valued at \$12,500.

The Barberini Vase is the undoubted type of this sculptured glass, of which it should be mentioned there are other examples in the British section of the Exhibition by Messrs. Hodgetts, Richardson, and Son. Wedgwood ware, admirable as it is, and well as the modelling of the figures was managed, could not give the semi-transparency and graduated tints of the glass; but before or about the period of the reproduction by Mr. Northwood already alluded to, the process of *pâte sur pâte* in porcelain was invented in France, and produced effects almost of precisely the same kind as those obtained in sculptured glass. This *pâte-sur-pâte* orna-

We engrave the second of two Rose-water Dishes, the production of ELKINGTON and Co., of London. They are designed

and modelled by M. Morel-Ladeuil, whose taste and skill have been powerful auxiliaries to the great establishment in Birming-



ham, and have no doubt largely aided in extending its fame. As already observed, the subject illustrated is the year, its months, and the signs of the zodiac, the centre group being children

gathering the fruits of the earth. As in all compositions of M. Morel-Ladeuil, thorough professional knowledge, educated taste, and a devoted love of Art, are manifest.

mentation has been spoken of in our previous article on pottery, but it may be well to mention here that while glass sculpture is actually cut in the hard substance by means of steel tools, figures in *pâte sur pâte* are modelled in a thin mixture of very finely-reduced clay by means of camel-hair pencils. These two charming modes of decoration, produced by processes so essentially dissimilar, are very similar in effect; and while the labour is much greater in the former case the highest skill is necessary in each; neither one nor the other is fitted for any but first-rate ornamentation. Like the *pâte-sur-pâte* porcelain, sculptured glass has created a great sensation, and there is little doubt that both will remain *objets de vertu* for a long period, because Art of that kind is

capable of a high degree of perfection, and the greatest sculptor or modeller need not disdain working on such exquisite materials as hard porcelain and crystal glass.

The use of coloured glass also has been greatly modified. All old connoisseurs remember the admiration bestowed on the ruby and other coloured glass of Bohemia, sometimes one-coloured and plain, at other times with a film of coloured glass blown, or "flashed," over a vessel of white glass, and ornamental engraving cut through the coloured stratum, and allowing the colourless glass to appear through: sometimes the colours and the treatment were reversed and modified. In general the engraving on old Bohemian work was not of a high class.



ARY SCHEFFER, DELT.

J. C. ARMYTAGE, SCULP^T

ADORATION.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

THE BANQUET-SCENE IN "MACBETH."

(Frontispiece.)

D. MACLISE, R.A., Painter.

C. W. SHARPE, Engraver.

N the year 1840 Daniel MacLise was elected a Royal Academician, when he contributed to the annual exhibition this picture, which may be regarded as one of his finest historical works. All who have seen the tragedy well put on the stage will understand what material this special incident of the drama affords to the artist for exciting and powerful representation, and perhaps there has been no painter of our time so competent to deal with it. The half-barbaric splendour of the banquet-room, with its royal and noble occupants, even were there nothing to disturb the harmony of the feast, would in itself constitute a very attractive picture; but the peculiar circumstances that attend the Scottish king's festivity invest the scene with a most powerful interest. The horror of Macbeth at beholding the apparition of the murdered Banquo is depicted with amazing force; the muscles of the hands show it no less than the features of the face. His wretched wife, ten-fold more of an assassin than himself, stands up with an affectation of bold assurance and innocence to calm her guests, numbering nearly seventy persons, all distinctly made out, and with every variety of countenance, expression, and attitude. The triumph of the picture, however, most spectators will consider to be the figure of Banquo, which is indicated rather than actually personified: the human form is there darkly shadowed forth, obscure, but terrible in its ghastly indistinctness. Imagination had here full scope, and Art has never conveyed more truthfully the realities of an appalling scene. The accessories, too, have all been closely and authoritatively studied, from the jewelled crown of the usurper to the goblet of red wine flung, in the agony of the moment, upon the floor.

A GUARD-HOUSE IN CAIRO.

J. L. GEROME, H.R.A., Painter. P. A. RAJON, Engraver.

FEW artists have succeeded better in their studies of ethnography than M. Gérôme, who knows well the distinctive character of a nationality, and how to express it on canvas. His Eastern

pictures evidence this in a peculiar manner; and any one who has made himself acquainted with the specimens of the various tribes congregated in Constantinople or Cairo would be at no loss to identify and determine the country of which the figures in one of his pictures are presumed to be natives. The picture here translated into black and white, through M. Rajon's well-known skilful etching-needle, originally bore the title, we believe, of "Corps de Garde des Arnautes à Caire." These Arnautes rank among the flower of the Ottoman army, and are found as mercenaries in all parts of Turkey and the Barbary States. They are a bold and warlike race of mountaineers of the province of Albaniâ; they make splendid soldiers; but it is well known that the hireling sword of the Albanian warrior is at the service of any one who will pay for it. But it must be bribed, for without bribery no inducement is strong enough to entice them from their native mountains, where they lead a semi-barbarous life, not unlike that in which the free-lances of the Middle Ages delighted, and mediaeval bards sang of so rapturously. The Arnautes live on the most simple diet, rarely eating meat. The national dress is extremely picturesque, and especially so is that of the men when equipped for military service, with the heavy turban, embroidered white frock or surtout, and long ornamented pistols stuck in the gay sash or scarf. M. Gérôme here represents a group of these warriors chatting idly in a guard-house. The two figures in the foreground are posed with considerable ease and elegance, and the whole composition is very effectively arranged.

ADORATION.

ARY SCHEFFER, Delt.

J. C. ARMYTAKE, Sculpt.

THIS engraving is from a sketch, drawn with pen and ink, in a free and masterly manner; the effect is laid in very slightly with sepia. The engraver has aimed to imitate the original, so far as the means at his command would enable him so to do. The composition is nothing more than a study of heads in the attitude of adoration, a sentiment or feeling which justifies the title we have given to it. It is only reasonable to suppose that a painter like Ary Scheffer, who in the latter part of his career especially made religious Art the peculiar feature of his practice, should study the human face with reference to such subjects; and we fancy we recognise among this group individual forms and features which have appeared in some of the artist's finished pictures.

AMERICAN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

F an architect is required to furnish for the press suggestions and information as to "tasteful, worthy, true houses—houses that are picturesque yet simple; beautiful without vulgar pretension"—he finds himself confronted with precisely the problem which meets him in his current practice. Probably his best course, therefore, will be to look upon his readers as persons who contemplate building—to strip the subject of its technicalities—and to illustrate his text with such designs and such alternates of those designs as he would furnish to a patron, who, before he can make up his mind as to what he specifically requires, needs to have placed before him several leading methods of treatment. This plan I propose to pursue in the following papers, perhaps increasing the number of alternates to suit the wider field of varying tastes which is likely to open up among those who seek information from the pages of a magazine.

It is not necessary to enter into a long historical survey of the domestic architecture of this country before deciding on a question

of personal taste; but, in making his choice of treatment for the self-owned house, which, whether near at hand or afar off, it is the ambition of most Americans to acquire, the cultivated layman will be most apt to ensure the maximum of permanent satisfaction to himself if he gets at some of the reasons which govern the expression of a structure, and these reasons of necessity have some of their roots in forerunning conditions. It may not be amiss, therefore, in the first place, to ask the reader of middle age to compare the houses he now sees around him, alike in city, in suburb, and in open country, with those he was accustomed to see in his youth. Such a retrospective can hardly fail to leave on his mind the impression that the community is more cultivated in its perception of the commodious, the fitting, and the beautiful, in the building art than it was in the last generation. In the cities of the Atlantic seaboard the hard and austere traditions of pioneer life have practically ceased, it would seem, to exercise the restraining influence they formerly did, even over the wealthy. The accretions of real or *quasi* wealth succeeding the civil war, and

the greatly increased European travel, have introduced to an immensely greater extent than formerly tastes and habits of luxury which seek gratification in architecture, as well as in the less costly arts. Even the Puritan of New England has sloughed off the half-contemptuous and half-defiant repugnance to the aesthetic—which descended to him from his prelate- and court-fleeing ancestors—and, falling into line, extracts from the Fine Arts all that his means and leisure will enable him to buy. He wants not only his share of music and painting and statuary, and of majolica and *faience* and Japanese and Chinese *bric-à-brac*, but he wants an artistic house to put them in. Though the latest representative of what may be called, *par excellence*, the presidential family of the republic may still select a "stern and rock-bound coast" for the site of his dwelling, he builds on it something much more elaborate and picturesque, even if smaller, than the far-stretching gambrel-roofed farmhouse, before the wide-mouthed, blazing chimneys of which his forefathers helped to lay the foundations of the nation.

But not till a third of this century had elapsed did the country reach such a point in wealth and refinement that, along with the demand for opera, painting, and sculpture, arose a general call, among the more cultivated classes, for the expression of Fine Art not only in their public buildings but in private dwellings. Once in a great while in the colonial day some man like Bishop Berkeley sought to create a permanent field for a trained architect, but with hardly any success. Nearly a century after his time we find Jefferson, who, unless De Witt Clinton be admitted to the same category, is the only public man of this country who appears to have paid serious attention to architecture, exclaiming that "the genius of architecture seems to have shed its maledictions over the land," and the remark was undoubtedly applicable, in the main, to the state of building art in this country during the whole colonial period. There were a few mansions in Boston and other old New England towns, in New York and Albany, and along the Hudson River, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Annapolis, as well as on the banks of the James, York, Potomac, and Rappahannock Rivers, in Virginia, the considerable size and solidity of which ensured, as such conditions always will, a certain dignity, but any marked departure from the rule of mere utility without beauty did not occur till the requirements of an independent nation produced the national Capitol at Washington, designed by Latrobe, an Englishman of French descent, and burned down during the War of 1812.

It is true that the mouldings and other details employed during the last century and part of this were generally refined, better studied, and in every way more satisfactory than the coarse, slovenly, and unmeaning ones that have been prevalent within the present generation. For these details were copied from the well-studied examples left by such careful masters as Palladio, Serlio, Vignola, and Alberti, and which, since their time, have so frequently been reproduced by the art of the engraver. Moreover, the material of the colonial work is generally better, and the workmanship more substantial and faithful, than most of the work that has prevailed for the last generation—particularly since the civil war. But of architectural composition, of artistic massing, of well-balanced combinations in spaces and solids, of any work from the point of view of aesthetics as well as of construction, there was almost nothing in the public buildings, except in so far as their material and expression were made to conform to those of the prevalent high-class private dwelling. An instance of this may be seen in the old wooden court-house in Newport.

The examples left of the best class of private dwellings are, indeed, much more satisfactory, on the whole, than those of the public buildings. The demand within the comparatively narrow limits of a dwelling-house for large combinations and massing is, of course, much decreased, while a good deal of dignity may be given to the brick façade of a city house by the simple addition of a well-proportioned loggia in stone, which was occasionally done, or by spirited carvings to the stone dressings of the windows, as still shown in the remains of the old Walton House, in New York. But the country houses of the wealthy, and most of the town houses even, were still very apt to be virtually the farmhouse, framed in wood, frequently of oak, and enclosed with shingles or clapboards. One or two additional stories were added, and the width increased so as to enclose two rooms deep instead of one. When ornament was introduced on the outside of such a house it was generally in the shape of cornices, extending wholly or par-

tially around the top of the house, and moulded almost always from correct models; and of porches, also modelled in conformity with the rules inherited from the leaders of the *cinqo cento*, except that the shafts of the columns—as if in perhaps unconscious deference to the meagreness of the general design—were sometimes thinner than prescribed by their data. But these cornices and porches, in too many cases, do not, as they should, look as if they grew out of the house, but rather as if they were stuck on. In short, any attempt at unity of design is almost wholly wanting in these exteriors.

As regards the interiors, a more satisfactory state of things existed. The cutting up of the space into numerous rooms of course gave a much larger field for the employment of mouldings, as applied to the finish of doors, windows, chimneys, casings, cornices, wainscoting, panelling, &c. The cornice-mouldings of the exterior, with the modillions or brackets which frequently occur beneath them, were sometimes, in the case of the upper class of houses, repeated in the same material—wood—inside the house, in the best rooms. The mantelpieces were generally of good though perhaps rather attenuated, design, and frequently carved with delicacy and skill. These chimney-fronts were sometimes of late French character, resembling more or less those that prevailed under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., while in other cases they were evidently motived on the examples that prevailed in England in the times of the later Stuarts and earlier Georges. Wainscoting was frequently added, sometimes treated as a dado—that is, as a covering to only the lower part of the walls—and sometimes carried up from floor to ceiling, but almost always proportioned, moulded, and panelled, and occasionally carved, with satisfactory effect. The panelling, in particular, was apt to be much superior to a great deal that we have known in our own times, the mantelpieces and other special features being often surmounted by a single panel, made out of one piece of wood of very large dimensions, but entirely free from crack or warp. The staircases, too, with their landings and their returns, their twisted newel-posts and prim balusters, are, many of them, very quaint and picturesque. Towards the end of the colonial period the ceilings of the best class of mansions were frequently treated with plaster decorations in very low relief, their lines sometimes a little stiff and meagre, but almost always greatly superior to the meretricious and tumid plaster ornamentation, so called, used in our time, till quite lately, in buildings of pretension.

But during the whole colonial period nothing in the way of domestic architecture, so far as I can discover, was ever executed that would pass muster with the modern newspaper reporter as an illustration of his favourite phrase of "palatial." The dwellings of the planters on the Potomac or James River, however important they might appear in comparison with surrounding residences, seldom assumed either the proportions or appearance of quite moderate manor-houses in England. The original residences at Arlington and Mount Vernon were, according to information received from descendants of their colonial occupants, very meagre as compared with them after post-colonial additions and decorations were made. Take away the colonnades and wings from Mount Vernon, and the immense portico columns (a most questionable "improvement" as most people nowadays will agree) from Arlington, and very little exterior remains. The Adams homestead at Quincy, Massachusetts, is only an enlarged farmhouse; the Philipse mansion near Yonkers on the Hudson, so far as its exterior is concerned, might readily be taken, at a little distance, for one of the great barns still to be seen in the interior of Pennsylvania. The city houses of the wealthiest resident merchants in no instance approached the splendours of Crosby Place in London, or Jacques Cœur's house in Bourges (both built by merchants for their personal residences); and the imported governors of the various colonies, even though one might here or there dwell in a "house of seven gables," might well complain that they were not lodged as well as the burghers in Europe. This, of course, is precisely what any student of Art history might predicate of a new country founded among savages in a boundless wilderness, and which has so largely received its intellectual development from a rigid sect, intent on carrying out a practical protest against the religious and political conditions from which it had fled. And it may well be that such a process of development, however devoid of the graceful ministrations of Art, was the best for the future of the

country, and for such *quasi* missionary influence as the country may yet be destined to wield in its international relations. To this day the wilderness is not yet subdued nor the savage tamed, over by far the larger portion of the national territory, and perhaps a fully-developed domestic architecture should not be expected till these conditions have been fulfilled. At all events, it may be permitted to doubt whether the question is fairly solved by a reproduction of colonial examples.

The high-class domestic architecture of the colonial period survived the Revolution and the eighteenth century, and was followed—so far as exterior was concerned—by reproductions in wood of the Greek temple, varied occasionally by a resort to the Roman types, and this again was succeeded by what may be called carpenters' Gothic, initiated by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, but not taken up by the public until some time afterwards, when it was resuscitated and revised for popular use by Batty Langley, who, however, also dabbled in equally thin attempts at the classic. His well-meaning essays in the direction of wooden Gothic unfortunately produced only too much result in this country—where timber was cheap and ambition abundant—before the Pugins prepared the cultivated public to appreciate reproductions, more or less good, of mediæval work, projected under the inspiration of their invaluable labours.

The half-executive and half-literary Gothicising work of these Englishmen was successfully taken up in this country, so far as one of its inferior phases—country houses of a moderate grade—is concerned, by A. J. Downing, an American, whose reputation, however, as the beautifier of the grounds around his structures will probably outlive that which will be accorded to him for the houses themselves.

Since his death the French architect, Viollet-le-Duc, almost alone among the fellow-specialists of his country—whose bias has long been, and continues to be, set towards the Renaissance or, in a less degree, the Greek and Roman models from which the Renaissance is derived—has lent his great name to the glorification of Gothic work, though by no means exclusively to that type. In England, on the other hand, the more popularly known amateur, Ruskin, simultaneously preached such a bitter crusade against all architecture—whether in its ecclesiastical, civil, or domestic phases—not motived on mediæval types, that it culminated, a year or two ago, in the deliberate publication of his wish that the new portion of the city of Edinburgh in the Old World, and the whole of the city of New York in the New, might be utterly destroyed by fire, because—virtually—they are not built in conformity with mediæval types of his selection; though, as he flits from one architectural type to another, now exacting supreme admiration for Giotto's tower, and now for the later spire of Chartres, it would not seem to be a very easy matter to adopt the proper system, even if stamped with his approval. For many years he fulminated his crusade with such splendour of diction, such opulence of illustration, and such fascination of style, that he carried the great majority of English-speaking architectural amateurs and of budding architects before him. His influence has, however, long been on the wane, especially among practitioners; whose experience has taught them that, however fervid and entrancing may be his utterance, and however much gratitude they owe him for instilling even the desire for applied high Art into the Anglo-Saxon mind, his theories are for the most part wholly untenable when submitted to practical, every-day exigencies.

Without, then, at all accepting the dictum of a recent English writer—who insists that the weakness and defects of current building art are attributable to the retrogression of the last generation of architects from the examples left by the civilisation of Athens and Rome, and by the revival of that civilisation, so far as Art is concerned, in the fifteenth century, to the barbarisms and incongruities of Gothic—we may, I think, accept it as a fact that, both among amateurs and architects, the conviction is deepening that the so-called distinctively Gothic forms, though probably the noblest and most suitable of existing systems for the ecclesiastical purposes of Christendom, and perhaps for very large enclosures of a secular kind, are by no means so well adapted for confined or moderate domestic purposes as others which lie more or less outside of mediæval prototypes. Several of the cleverest practitioners in England have within a few years taken a new departure from this point of view; and in every successive composition,

especially in the line of domestic architecture, they leave their Gothic traditions and early essays further behind them.

As was to be expected, the new departure in England has not escaped the acute observation of our cis-Atlantic specialists, and the spirit of emulation has been deepened by a desire which has indeed long existed, but has been quickened, perhaps, by the centenary of American independence, to combine with the work produced under the impetus of this new departure a distinctively American flavour. There is nothing surprising in this. It is, on the contrary, precisely what was to be expected in the Art development of a self-subsisting community. It will be folly, perhaps, to expect that any wonderful prodigy of distinctively American architecture will arise from this state of things. The substitution of an ear of Indian-corn for an acanthus-leaf in the capital of a column, does not introduce us to a "new and American order," any more than the French architects' substitution of the *fleur-de-lis*, or eagle, or cock of successive dynasties, for foliage or volute, presents us with a new and Gallic order. Such *succedaneums* simply diversify the details of surface-ornament on something which takes its main characteristics not from such trifles, but from elements of mass and proportion. The "order" of a Greek temple lies in its *ensemble*—in its combined mass of construction and decoration—not in the decoration of a single feature, however important that feature may be constructionally. Again, it is difficult for the specialist to imagine any form of arch or vault which has not already been employed by ancient Roman, Saracen, or mediævalist. If any American has an ambition to evolve a new one from his inner consciousness, let him remember how futile as well as supererogatory was a similar essay on the part of the German *savant* as to his elephant.

Of course the less a practitioner or amateur was educated, the more likely he would be, in the early days of resort to the architectural profession, to lift his pinions for spread-eagle flights, and to imagine the formation of a "new American style" an easy matter, and the higher his training the more easily would he perceive that an architectural "style" can no more be produced to order than a language, or a religious or political system. Consequently, one was very apt, two or three decades ago, to observe the well-educated architect shrug his shoulders at the patriotic suggestions of his too-much self-taught brother. But valuable as are the conservative and corrective influences of academical methods, they do not embrace all the factors of national life and conduct. Those conducive to the evolution of national feeling in architecture have been at work, and the artistically-trained grade of our most employed architects have seemingly for a number of years been, with a considerable degree of success, impressing their designs for domestic purposes with somewhat of a vernacular character; that is, with certain peculiarities of mass and detail which strike the trained observer as novel and apart from the productions of other countries.

At first they were probably led into this almost or quite unconsciously, by the exigencies arising from differences of climate and social habits, and building material, between this and the mother-country—that is, by fully recognising what amateurs primarily devoted to other pursuits had not hitherto had the leisure to recognise, and mere builders had not had the trained ability to recognise. But within the last five or six years, and especially since the centenary, the effort has apparently been made, at least to a considerable extent, with a feeling of self-consciousness. Much of the work thus produced has undoubtedly been of a most creditable class, whether constructionally or artistically considered. It has been essentially eclectic, as all architectural art must be that is vital and growing, among producers versed in Art history; and almost every leading architectural development, from Athenian times to the latest phase of the Gothic or Renaissance of the various European nations, may be found more or less interpolated upon it, according to the bias, conscious or unconscious, of the designer. With much diversity of detail the leading features were for a while, in the most striking of the city houses, founded on the combination of what the French call *Neo-Grec* lines, with feeling expended on one or more of the numerous types of Gothicism. And within the last four or five years the *penchant* has been strongly in the direction of that English type which was gradually developed from the reign of Elizabeth to that of George III., and which has lately been—not very exhaustively or happily, perhaps—dubbed the Queen Anne style.

These vernacular traits have, however, been developed still more rapidly and markedly in our country houses than in our urban residences; for the piazzas or verandas on which, owing to our climate, so much time is spent in summer, become factors of such importance in the composition that they give occasion for developments almost unknown to the English rural houses on which our own are in some of their main and especially their exterior features so largely modelled. Of course the productions of superior architects have been travestied by inferior ones; and it is not without reason that there has sprung up, among the most cultivated classes of the community, a recoil against much of the result of the overstrained effort towards "an American style" and "something new" in the exterior of domestic architecture, with which the country has been infested since the civil war unlocked all the sources of inflation. Many of these examples most of the best-trained members of the community, whether within or without the ranks of the architectural profession, probably agree in condemning. The reticence of well-digested knowledge, the reserve of well-balanced force, are not at all apparent in them. On the contrary, a determination to parade every acquisition and resource of the designer, without reference to congruity or harmony, is only too conspicuous. If in literature a Montaigne or a Burton chooses to display the whole encyclopædia of his knowledge in one production, we are at least not bound to read more than a few pages at a time, and are sure of something worth reading wherever we open the book. But in the case of a façade produced by a poor designer, intent on showing off within its boundary-lines every ingredient of the hotch-potch in his brain, we cannot separate the part from the mass; nor, if we could train the eye to confine itself to one spot, would we be able to count on anything worth looking at. The examples in question are largely marred by exaggeration in composition and extreme coarseness and flabbiness of detail. A busy, fussy, patchwork appearance prevails. *Tours de force* of the most unmeaning and fatiguing character abound; and it goes without saying that such work must be repulsive to the competent observer in the too obvious self-consciousness it expresses. But nothing can be attempted in the way of creative work without self-consciousness; and it by no means follows that the evils enumerated will be remedied by returning to the enforced simplicity and bareness of the building examples of pioneers and frontiersmen. The very defects and failures of the architectural essays of the last decade or two—which for obvious reasons are more conspicuous in domestic than in public architecture—show vitality. There is no room for defects, so far at least as design and not execution is concerned, in the mere copying of a good example.

I have said that within the last few years—and obviously so since the Centennial—the tendency to achieve a vernacular expression in the building department of Art appears to be a self-confessed one. In the development of this tendency, Queen Anne has stood sponsor for much that would make that estimable royal lady open her eyes wider, if she could open them at all, and institute comparisons thereof with what she might condescend to remember of the products of domestic architecture in her own reign. Her successor, too, if we can suppose him capable of analysing a work of architecture, might be disposed to renew, in application to some few of our latter-day architects, his objurgations against the "boeds and bainders" who were his contemporaries, if he were called upon to father everything that has lately been dubbed Georgian. But the designers, without resorting to any question of democratic privilege, or to the unquestionable right existing in a free country to design and be paid for poor work, might well contend that, in trying to evolve a worthy vernacular style, it was not only their right but their duty to reject the letter while accepting the spirit, and to use the Queen Anne style, not as a copy-book, but simply as artistic foundation and framework.

There has also been a good deal of coquetry with Japanese motives as applied exteriorly to roofing and veranda-work, and still more largely as applied to interior mural decoration and furniture; and Japanese methods of covering, partitioning, and decoration, will probably in the near future be pursued much more boldly than heretofore, and, in good hands, to great advantage, especially in the case of houses to be used only in the summer. While in the way of suggesting motives for future consideration, it may be allowable to express some surprise that our architects—

especially those who might be supposed to be most familiar with the traditions of New York and Albany—have not referred more than they have to the fruitful and picturesque fields of Flemish and Dutch examples for home development. Their main features might be made, alike outside and inside of a house, to harmonise admirably with the materials prevalent in those localities.

Another form the desire for something worthy to be distinctively American has lately taken—especially among the younger practitioners—is that recurrence to "colonial architecture" to which I have already several times alluded. Now, if it were certain, or even likely, that, with the natural feeling of literate practitioners and interested amateurs to get away from the obtrusive crudities we have been considering, were mingled a desire (which might be supposed to be natural to the citizens of a republic) to return to an appropriate simplicity of architectural expression for domestic uses, there might be some impropriety in suggesting the apparent paradox that there is no greater danger to the establishment of an acceptable national domestic architecture than a resort—unless under the most generous rules of interpretation and adaptation—to the building art of the pioneering fathers, if by the term "colonial architecture" be meant the examples as they generally existed before the Revolution, and not as they were improved after the establishment of independence. I will take it for granted that no one, familiar with that grade of existing American society which has the command of very large means, will assert that a self-restrained or ascetic tone any longer prevails *in it to an* influential degree. Is it not rather the truth that our merchant-princes, our large manufacturers, our money-coining miners, railway magnates, and financiers of all kinds, are nowadays much more disposed to emulate the expenditures of the Medici of the old Italian republics than to conform to the habits of their thrifty forefathers in their colonial "day of small things"?

But the self-indulgence and love of display prevalent in circles where large means are being rapidly accumulated by no means interfere with the equally prevalent love of country in them. On the contrary, they are probably, in an indirect way, but in no inconsiderable degree, fed by that sentiment. The ambition, as Americans, to prove themselves equal, not only in spending capacity but in taste and culture, to the privileged classes of the Old World, is a very natural one, and there is no way in which they can give it a monumental character so readily and at the same time so self-serviceably as in the houses they are to live in. But if the members of this class, through the operation of patriotic sentiment, are beginning to be led into "colonial architecture" as the legitimate expression of that sentiment—of which there is strong evidence—they are led by what can hardly be called less than a delusion into lending their support to a situation which has in it, so far as domestic architecture lays claim to high Art, the elements of failure. Art, in any of its expressions, has sentiment of its own in abundance, but it is above the narrow—however sweet and respectable—sentiment of place and tribe. The expression of a novel phase or rendering of architecture, as of any other of the Fine Arts, will necessarily have an accidental and local colouring derived from the *habitat* and mental characteristics and experience—the surroundings, education, and outlook—of the designer: and will partake more or less of a provincial tone. But, in its nearest approaches to perfection, high Art is pervasive and cosmopolitan, and, like religion, it aims to meet universal appreciation and assimilation. Such an aim is incompatible with the limitations of patriotism, which is only enlarged provincialism, necessary for the coherence and well-being of communities as regards their current material interests, but not as regards their intellectual and spiritual interests, of which latter interests Art is, to a certain extent, the representative. Moreover, what is colonial is not national. It represents the mother-country much more than the new one. The colonial architecture of this country was not American. America, in the modern acceptation of the term among the English-speaking peoples, as applicable to the present United States, did not exist. At the close of the British rule, even after a hundred and fifty years of settlement, this country consisted only of the strip of seaboard lying between the St. Lawrence and the Altamaha. Our colonial dwellings were English—provincial English—with a considerable admixture of Dutch in the towns of New York and Albany, and the between-lying settlements along the Hudson, as well as in the larger centres of the Jerseys. There was, too, a slight

infusion of German and Swedish in Pennsylvania and Delaware; but all over New England and Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, there was nothing to be seen, so far as I can discover, but more or less commonplace examples of the most unmistakable English motives set in wood or brick. Where, moreover, is the historical link between the colonial architecture of the Atlantic seaboard and the current architecture of Buffalo and Pittsburgh, of Cincinnati and Louisville, of Chicago and St. Louis, of San Francisco and Denver, and Omaha and Galveston?—cities which had no existence, even on paper, at the expiration of the colonial period. In all the remaining examples or records that I have seen of colonial buildings, I do not remember to have recognised a single feature, either in construction or decoration, which can, by the most liberal interpretation, be considered indigenous—which is not common in their European prototypes—unless it be the gambrel-roof. And it is to be remarked that the gambrel-roof was very seldom employed where there was an obvious attempt to give an æsthetic character to a building. It was evidently the result of statical and economical considerations merely, and perhaps cannot fairly claim a place on the æsthetical side of the question at all. The same is true of several subsidiary features which have been thought distinctively colonial, e. g., the shingles used for siding on the outside of timber framework. Shingles were used for the same purpose in England and in the Scandinavian countries. In any event, such constructional detail is surely an inadequate foundation on which to build up the domestic phase of a national building art.

As regards other distinctive features than the gambrel-roof, on a large scale, that one in the modern American country house which strikes foreigners as the chief characteristic is undoubtedly the wide-spread, thoroughly-developed piazza or veranda. It is true that the inhabitants of Southern Europe are much given to the open air, but those portions of their establishments devoted to *al fresco* use are to be found in the terrace, the balcony, and the flat roof, covered with awning, rather than in anything resembling our full veranda. Our word "piazza" is, indeed, adopted from the Italian, but in a very partial sense, the word as originally used standing for something much more comprehensive than in our application of it. Our veranda is, in fact, so characteristic a feature that the exterior—and consequently, in well-elaborated plans, the interior in great degree—of the American country house in its next phase will, it can hardly be doubted from present indications, be largely based upon it, in conjunction with the broad expanses and curvilinear terminations of Japanese and other Oriental roofs. But it is remarkable that the veranda—the American feature *par excellence* of Anglo-Saxon rural houses—was almost unknown to the colonists. It is to be seen, it is true, on a few of their houses that remain to these times; but, so far as my experience goes, investigation always proves it to have been added some time during the present century, or at the end of the last. There was sometimes, indeed, an approach to it in the prolongation of the lower plane of a gambrel-roof into a narrow shed-roof, overhanging with wide eaves the face of the house, but this is generally to be seen in the rear, and the covered space was seemingly used rather for kitchen or scullery purposes than any other. The small portico, too, stuck on the front façade was, with its frequently fixed seats at the sides, no doubt used; in its meagre way, for the purposes of a modern piazza, but its primary object was undoubtedly that of a frontispiece to the principal opening of the building, and for enclosing in winter as a storm-porch, to protect the hall from the weather.

Luther said that most people who discard old systems and adopt novel ideas are like a drunken man on horseback, who, as soon as he is set upright, when in danger of falling over on one side, will straightway topple over on the other. His special reference was to religious systems and ideas, but the saying applies equally well to Art. A clever artist will throw any materials—good, bad, or indifferent—together so as to look relatively well. Bad materials in his hands may be made to assume a more satisfactory shape than good ones in bad hands, but the value of the result will be increased just in proportion as the material at the good designer's disposal is good. And no doubt, after the first outbreak of architectural patriotism among our ingenuous students has exhausted itself in rummaging among our by-ways for "copy" in the shape of wooden quoins (which is the technical word for projecting corner-stones carried up the angles of buildings, and which, for obvi-

ous reasons, should be, *de rigueur*, of the latter material); and of pilasters (square pillars generally attached in full or partial relief to façades, and which should, of course, appear at least to rest on solid foundation) resting, hap-hazard, at any point of their shafts on the steep incline of porch-roof shingles, we may find "colonial architecture" in its suggestions of simplicity, self-containedness, and restfulness, and with its refined mouldings, no mean element towards the attainment of a national ideal; but, on the other hand, unless it is handled with much discrimination, in a spirit of independence and liberality greatly in advance of its traditional servility and meagreness, there will be great danger that the *dissillusioned* public will fall back again, for relief, to the clumsy and meretricious examples from which it was beginning to be weaned, and the latter days of "vernacular architecture" may thus be worse than its first.

Having now gone over our introductory ground, refreshed our memories as to the antique, and familiarised ourselves, more or less, with the claims of the latest fashions in house-building, adopted or growing up for adoption, reader and writer will probably agree to dispense altogether with "style" when it suits us, though there is no reason in the world why a competent architect, versed alike in the history and in the modern exigencies of his profession, should not satisfactorily adapt the plan of a house—as of any other building whatever—to any "style," if his employer should prefer the straight rules of the grammar of architecture to be drawn upon in his behalf, rather than be disposed to trust to the facility of his architect in "spontaneous production." After our rapid survey, reader and writer will further agree to give all due reverence to the memories of the architects and kings or capitalists who together did their great works in Assyria, or Egypt, or Athens, or Rome, or the episcopal sees of mediæval Europe, but not to handicap ourselves too much with the "styles" deducible from stately structures devoted to the high purposes of religious and civil government in our homely task of considering what is suitable for our current every-day purposes and exigencies here in the United States, in the way of family residences for the citizens of a republic where there is neither a peasantry nor a formalised and legal aristocracy, and where the habits of what is virtually a single homogeneous *bourgeois* class only differ according to the fluctuations of the money-market and the strength and cultivation of the individual. We will agree to resort to classic or mediæval Gothic, or the Renaissance of either, in its entirety, or to a dominant extent, or in a slight degree, or not at all, just as it happens to hit our mood, or suit constructional emergencies or æsthetical suggestions. If we find that there are substantial reasons, as applied either to construction or æsthetics or domestic comfort for adopting the low ceilings, the spreading rectilinear or small round windows, the diminutive panes of glass centred with their bull's-eyes, or the larger ones with their bevelled edges, the gables and panels with their delicate mouldings and quaint and charming brick carvings, the baluster columns and twisted newels and finials and sunflowers of what is called the Queen Anne style, we will make use of them, throughout our house, or only partially, according to our needs and judgment. If we find that the interior of some colonial mansion adapts itself well to modern notions of combined stateliness and comfort, and that the mouldings or other details that decorate its lines and surfaces are refined and satisfactory and restful to the eye, we will profit by the suggestions afforded, without feeling under the slightest obligation to reproduce our example in its integrity. But we will not hanker after the "Queen Anne" simply because it is or bids fair to be the fashion; we will not bow down and worship "colonial architecture" because it may be the rising sun. A sensible woman will not kill herself by tight lacing merely to please her dressmaker; and in planning the house we may live in all our days, and leave to our children, we will at least reserve to ourselves the independence preserved by the *modiste* and the milliner in their fashions of three months' duration, and, instead of investing all our houses in one cast-iron uniform, we will choose our motive from a dozen or so of stock patterns and shapes, in accordance with our perception of the figures and complexions, the habits and necessities, of those for whom we are contriving. To the cultivated perception

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
whether it happens to be in or out of the current fashion. More-

over, whatever is intrinsically beautiful is sure, if its substance and shape endure long enough, to have its day over again, and to be reaccepted as the fashion, even by the uncultivated; whereas, if in itself or its replications it is inherently uncomely, its day of fashion is sure to be but a short one.

One word more before we set our T square, and take pencil and scale in hand. We—reader and writer, or, now that we have got to the drawing-board, shall we say designer and employer, architect and owner—we propose to design our houses—whether “palatial mansion” or porter’s lodge, villa or cottage—from the inside. We do not altogether assent to Lord Bacon’s axiom—so distasteful to showy architects—that “houses were made to live in, not to look at.” We take his philosophical lordship’s dictum with several grains of salt. We assert that though every thoroughly appreciative and conscientious designer of a house should elaborate it from the inside, there is no good reason—provided he works *ab initio*, and is not hampered by existing masses—why the outside, when he gets to it, should not be made pleasant to look upon. On the contrary, there is every reason why it should be, and his bounden duty to the wayfaring public, to whom every building placed before it partly—that is, so far as the eye is concerned—belongs, is to make it so. The ancient temples and forums of southern regions, with their great courts in Egypt, and their long, shady colonnades in Greece and Rome, might almost have been—as the modern church-spire properly is—designed from the outside. The uses of the ancient public buildings were largely external; the use of the “heaven y-pointing spire” is entirely so. The theory is wholly untenable that the modern steeple or spire is merely the ultimate development of the steep roof of northern climes, where there is much snow to be carried off as quickly as possible, before it slowly thaws and finds out the weak spots in shingle or tile and plank and timber, through which to percolate and carry rot and

dampness and discolouration to everything it touches in its passage downward. If the spire meant simply the steep roof, all the roofs of the North European church would be steeples. Certainly greater pains would not have been taken to make the roof over a belfry or porch—which is generally the sub-structure of a spire—water-tight than to give a water-proof covering to a nave or sanctuary. The house of God sets up its sign above the town roofs or the forest-trees, a landmark to the sinner seeking rest, “and points with taper spire to heaven.” The spire is simply an ecclesiastical sign-board of dignified dimensions and character, as it is right and befitting it should be, considering to what it points. Inside it is but rough, insloping wall, or a tangle of timber. Its beauty is all on the outside, and it was designed from the outside. The mediæval Gothic work for ecclesiastical or important civic purposes that met the approval of its own generation, and waited for the sure endorsement of succeeding generations, is good mainly because—as is obvious—it was always designed from the inside. And one proof that mediæval Gothic is not well adapted to the uses of the moderate or small modern homestead lies in the fact that, when so employed, it has to be designed from the outside, that is, there is a constantly-recurring stress laid on the designer to sacrifice interior convenience, in its maximum conditions, to the necessities of outside construction, imposed by the grammar of “the Gothic style.” If an owner has so strong a predilection for the exterior developments, as reduced to formulæ, of any given “style,” that, in spite of his professional adviser’s representations, he prefers to sacrifice the interior arrangements of his house to it, that is another matter. But, as in the examples which are to follow the designer is under no such obligation, he proposes to adhere to what he considers the golden rule of home planning—to design from the inside.

A. J. BLOOR.

THE PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

VI.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN, THE GERMAN, THE BELGIAN, AND THE DUTCH PICTURES.



HE close of the Exhibition has robbed us of the largest, most complete, and most imposing display of works of modern artists that the world has ever seen gathered together. Before the last memories of that splendid series of galleries have faded, we will give some brief notices of the Art-contributions of nations as yet unmentioned in the present series of articles.

Austria and Hungary, in their united exhibit, carried off the palm of producing the most powerful and striking single work in the Exhibition from all competitors. The now famous picture by Hans Makart, the ‘Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp,’ was a surprise to the French critics. So grandiose a page of history had not been transferred to canvas since Delaroche laid down his brush forever. All the critics have described this splendid work, and some nine or ten million people have gazed upon it with admiration. Alike powerful in composition and in drawing, the only reproach that could be brought against it was a too great prevalence of yellow in the colouring, and an absence of characteristic types among the personages. The superb beauties that press around the courier of the pale young emperor are not Flemish women; they recall more in their proud loveliness the Italian princesses of Paul Veronese. It is said that the handsome brunette, robed in velvet, in the foreground, is a portrait of the artist’s wife, who is celebrated as being one of the most beautiful women of Vienna. A certain amount of injury to the effect of this fine work was produced by its proximity to the Spanish Art-department. Seen from that section through the velvet draperies of the doorway, and after the eye had been feasting on the prismatic glories of Fortuny or the rose-like hues of Madrazo, its colouring showed yellow as the light of a gas-jet beside the white dazzle of the electric light. The two portraits exhibited by Makart, and which were hung one on

either side of his great work, stamped him as one of the greatest portrait-painters of the age. Full of charm and of elegance, and exquisite in colour, each representing a beautiful woman in a piquant and fantastic costume, they showed that the painter well knew how to reproduce the dainty yet refined caprices of a leader of fashion. The reproach was brought against these portraits that the dresses were as studied and as important as were the heads. To this one of the most celebrated of Parisian Art-critics made answer, “That is true, but is not the toilette of a fashionable beauty at least one-half of herself?”

Munkacsy’s ‘Milton dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters,’ fortunately for the Art-lovers of the United States, is destined to find a place in the Lenox Library. Many of the critics have pronounced this remarkable work to be the finest painting in the Exhibition. Its subject was well chosen, and the painter, notwithstanding the quiet domesticity of the scene, has contrived to lend to it an imposing and even solemn aspect. The figure of the blind poet is nobly conceived. On the stern features sits the rapture of inspiration, the words flow no longer from his lips, and the sightless eyes behold the glories of heaven, the terrors of hell, the ineffable loveliness of the earthly paradise. One daughter pauses, with uplifted pen, awaiting his next command; the other lingers beside the table, gazing on her father with affectionate interest, not unmixed with solicitude. The grave sobriety of the colouring accords well with the serious nature of the subject. Painted almost wholly in varying tones of grey, the warmer, hues of the table-cover and the brightness of the fresh, fair faces of the two young girls alone relieve its prevailing neutral tints.

M. Canon’s ‘Portrait of the Countess von Schoenborn’ has evidently been inspired by the school of Velasquez. The fair sitter is represented in an antique Spanish costume of black velvet and old point, her fair face turned towards the spectator, beneath the

shadow of a broad Spanish hat. A remarkably powerful work is this, painted with a dusky richness of colour and breadth of execution that recall some of the most famous portrait-painters among the old masters. M. Matejko's fireworks on canvas are known to all the frequenters of the *Salons* of the past few years. Despite his undoubted talent, he contrives to fatigue the eye by glaring and inharmonious combinations of colour, distributed over gigantic canvases that rival those of Horace Vernet in their colossal proportions.

It is impossible to look upon the Art-exhibit of Germany as in any wise full or representative. Many works of exceptional merit figure therein, it is true, and there are but few of her great names that are not represented, but the greater works of her greatest artists do not figure in the catalogue. Shall we judge of Piloty's powers, for instance, by the comparatively unimportant picture representing Wallenstein on his way to Egra, or, as it might fitly be called, 'The Last Journey of Wallenstein?' The painter has well seized the ominous character of the moment. The pale head of the doomed general appears between the red curtains of his litter. Two grave-diggers in the foreground pause to salute him as the *cortege* passes by. In the distance the towers of Egra rise livid against the black background of a thunder-laden cloud. An atmosphere of foreboding and of coming disaster pervades the scene. Knaus appears to better advantage with his 'Peasant Burial,' 'An Apt Scholar,' and 'A Good Stroke of Business.' The first shows one of the tragedies of daily life, undemonstrative amid its pain. The pathos is indicated, it is scarcely expressed. 'An Apt Scholar' looks like a comic rendering of the story of Oliver Twist and Fagin. The old Jew, who is laying down the law to a red-headed urchin seated before him, finds indeed an apt pupil in the young rascal, who listens with eager and grinning appreciation to his master's lessons. In 'A Good Stroke of Business' we see these lessons put into practice. It is the same red-headed young scamp who displays, with chuckling delight, the silver pieces in his shabby but well-filled purse, the fruits, doubtless, of some nefarious but profitable transaction. Richter's portraits, and particularly that of the beautiful young German princess, Elizabeth of Carolath-Beuthen, painted with a gigantic mastiff at her side, have attracted a good deal of attention; they are full of vitality and expression. Menzel's 'Forge,' with its vast shaft of white-hot iron, its skilfully combined groups of workmen, and singular effects of light and shade, is a masterpiece in its way. Werner's 'Conversation,' though somewhat crude in colour, is a vigorous bit of what may be called Teutonic Meissonierism, if we may be permitted to coin a word for the occasion. A group of grenadiers, in the high-pointed, quaint, antique caps, rendered familiar to all theatre-goers by the head-gear of *Fritz* and his comrades in the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," lean over a garden-fence to joke and chat with two nurse-maids, one of whom turns her broad, good-natured, pleasant face away from the soldiers and towards the spectator with every line in it twisted into an ecstatic grin. The grenadiers laugh beneath their helmets; the scene is one of genuine if unrefined vivacity. The brilliant scarlet and red of the nurse-girls' gowns, the glittering adjuncts of the uniforms, the many-coloured autumnal leaves that strew the ground, make up an assemblage of glaring though not inharmonious tints. The execution is vigorous and careful, and the different faces are exceedingly well painted, and with great individuality of character. This power of reproducing individual physiognomy seems to be a very striking characteristic of the German artists. We find it in Leibl's 'Peasants talking Politics,' and also, though less powerfully expressed, in the 'Failure of a Savings-Bank,' by M. Bockelmann. They do not seem to shrink from painting a sincerely ugly countenance if only that countenance be typical and expressive. The landscapes of the brothers Achenbach form no unimportant feature of the German exhibit, and the portraits of M. Lenbach, though somewhat too slight in execution, are very strong and expressive.

The Art-school of Belgium is impressive by its qualities of sincere and careful execution. One seeks in vain among her pictures for any work recalling the dazzling *élan* of such a genius as Fortuny. Her art is serious, strong, and withal thoroughly national. The unimpressive features of the Flemish landscape, the wonderful antique architecture of the Belgian cities, the scenes and incidents of Flemish history, the pale-gold hair of the Flemish maid-

ens, all find reproduction in these highly finished and vigorously conceived works.

The prize-winner, M. Wavters, is still a young man, and his almost boyish appearance, as he came up to receive his medal on the day of the Fête des Recompenses, aroused much interest in his favour. His name already stands high among that small but gifted band of the artists of the present day that have devoted their talents and their study to important historical painting. His two larger works, 'Mary of Burgundy imploring Mercy for her Counsellors,' and 'Mary of Burgundy taking the Oath to respect the Municipal Privileges of Brussels,' are replete with serious qualities of composition and *technique*. His best and most striking work, however, and one that attracted a great deal of attention at the Paris *Salon* of a few years ago, is the 'Madness of Hugo Van der Goes,' now the property of the state. Still better known to the Parisian public are the works of MM. Willems and Alfred Stevens. The wonderful satin robes and velvet doublets of the former, who might have studied his art in the *atelier* of Mieris or of Terburg, and the marvellous qualities of colour of the latter, are familiar to all the Art-lovers of Paris. But while Willems is assimilated by his choice of subjects and the character of his art to the ancient Flemish masters, Stevens is essentially and exquisitely Parisian. His pencil lingers lovingly on the details of modern costume; he delights in reproducing the frills and furbelows wherewith a pretty and fashionable woman contrives to make herself look all the prettier; and withal, such delicious effects of colour, delicate and yet glowing with a velvety richness that recalls the tints on the wing of a tropical butterfly! Two of his pictures in the Exhibition were painted almost wholly in neutral tints. One, a panel for one of the doors of the Royal Palace at Brussels, represented Autumn, and showed a sad-faced lady in a russet dress, walking amid the fading flowers and falling leaves of October. The other was a full-length portrait of a boy in grey velvet, with his dog by his side—the prevailing tones of the latter picture being greys, while those of the former were browns. But in both instances the supreme sense of colour of the artist prevented any impression of coldness or of hardness. The flowers and fruits of M. Robie are also instinct with colour, though none of his works at the Exhibition equalled in that respect his 'Roses and Raspberries,' and 'The Vine,' now owned by the Royal Museum at Brussels. M. Baudignet's 'Fourth of July, 1876,' showing a group of graceful young girls in the act of wreathing the portrait of Washington with flowers, is replete with all the delicate and refined charm wherewith this accomplished artist reproduces the grace and innocence of girlhood. M. Cluysenaar's 'Canossa, 1077,' represents the submission of the Emperor Henry of Germany before the Pope. Something of the spirit of modern Prussia breathes from the figure of the mail-clad baron at the left of the picture: he looks on in silent indignation at the degradation of his sovereign. The picture is very strong both in drawing and composition, but the figure of the Pope lacks dignity, and more splendour of detail would have been appropriate to the solemnity of the ceremonial. The marines of M. Clays and the landscapes of M. de Cock are well known to all Art-students. M. Verhas paints children delightfully. His picture entitled 'The Inundation,' which represents a solemn-looking little girl in the act of watering, with a gigantic watering-pot, a tall plant placed upon a chair, and deluging both chair and floor in the process, is a charming and admirably painted work.

From Holland, the home of Rembrandt, we have but little that would argue a revival of his greatness in the immediate future. The Dutch artists have less imagination than have their Flemish contemporaries. They paint landscapes with calm and sincerity, and also not without sentiment. They have not many figure-painters—the most remarkable being, probably, MM. Van Haanen and Israels. Nor let us forget to signalise in this department a wonderfully bright little picture by M. Boks, entitled 'Corpus Delicti.' The scene is a handsome but soberly furnished drawing-room. On the centre-table lies—an incongruous element amid the surrounding elegance—the *kepi* of a soldier. The grave master of the household and his maiden sister have just discovered this shocking object, and have called their servants together to inquire into how it got there. The old lady, her face distorted with horror, tugs wildly at the bell. Her brother sits in an arm-chair, and points in a rage at the offending cap. In front of him the ser-

vants, three in number, are drawn up in line and protest their innocence—nay, more, their ignorance. The cook, with arms akimbo, is violent in her asseverations. The *valet de chambre*, in his white apron, rubs his hands softly together, while glancing sideways at the real culprit, a pretty chambermaid, who has guilt as well as affright written in every line of her features and on every finger of her outspread hands. Apart from an undue prevalence of yellow in the colouring, the execution of this little picture left nothing to be desired. It was placarded as sold before the Exhibition had been opened two weeks.

We cannot close these last and necessarily imperfect remarks on the Art-department of the Paris Exhibition, without mentioning the very remarkable picture of 'The Body of Charles XII. borne by his Officers across the Norwegian Frontier,' by M. Cederström, in the Swedish section. And among the artists of Switzerland, M. Simon Durand is especially remarkable by the force and finish of his talent. His 'Mariage à la Mairie,' the gem of one of the recent *Salons*, is also the gem of the Swiss section.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

NOTES.

BOSTON.—The principal Art event of the past month has been the exhibition of the Harvard Art Club, at Thayer Hall, Cambridge. The collection displayed was notable rather for quality than numbers; and its chief significance was its illustration of the new system of Art-teaching at Harvard College. The paintings and drawings exhibited were the beginning of a series being formed at the university; the scheme of instruction illustrated is to be, according to the announcement, "derived from the principles and methods of the classic schools." A nearer idea of the system may, perhaps, be had, by the further statement that "the only perfect method of representing the aspects of natural things, on a flat plane, is a finished picture, which affords the utmost attainable means of expressing every visible quality. The difficulties involved in the finished painting must be separated and arranged in proper order for rudimentary practice." The collection just displayed comprised eighty-five pieces; eighteen classed as "studies, and fac-similes from the examples of the works of Florence and Venice," and the rest, as "fac-similes and original studies to be used as exercises in drawing." Forty-six of the paintings and drawings were executed by Charles H. Moore, the originator of the scheme; five were by Mr. Ruskin, and three were copies from him; two were by E. Burne Jones; five by A. Goodwin; and six were copies from drawings of Turner and William Ward. Among the examples illustrated by the collection were those of Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Tintoretto, Lippi, Carpaccio, Bellini, Titian, Turner, Ruskin, Gaddi, and Giottino. There were also specimens of Egyptian tomb-painting, of architectural drawing to display effects of colour and *chiaro-oscuro*, studies of draperies, and chalk-drawings, etchings, engravings, and photographs. . . . The Harvard Art Society proposes to hold a "Ruskin Exhibition," in which that artist's style will be illustrated by originals and copies. . . . The Boston Art Club (which has re-elected Charles C. Perkins as its President) has appointed a committee to confer with other Art associations, with a view to holding, in the near future, a general exhibition of contemporary art in Boston every year; thus establishing in Boston the principle carried out in New York by the National Academy.

A LANDSCAPE BY TURNER has made its appearance in New York City, and the event is very noteworthy. 'Conway Castle' is its title, and Mr. Thomas Moran, the artist, is its owner. It came into his possession in this wise: Mr. R. W. Gilder, of *Scribner's Magazine*, received a few weeks ago an advertisement for that periodical that read as follows: "For sale, an important picture by Turner, the famous English painter. For particulars and price, address J. B., P. O. box 146, Hammonton, N. J." He at once wrote to Mr. Moran asking him if this might not be the painting of which he had often heard Mr. Moran speak; for Mr. Moran knew that an old friend, John Butterton, had once brought to this country a landscape by the great painter which both he and Butterton had admired in England twenty-five years ago. The initials "J. B." immediately suggested Butterton's name to Mr. Moran, and the latter resolved to go forthwith to Hammonton, a small village in Atlantic County, New Jersey, and see the work for himself. He went prepared to buy it; on arriving, he recognised it as the work that he had taken so much pleasure in a quarter of a century ago; he bought it, brought it to his home in Newark, New Jersey, cleaned it, and is now exhibiting it to his friends and others in New York. It is described as follows: "In the centre are the town and castle of Conway at the base of a high mountain, above which, to the right, are white cumulus clouds, backed by white cirrus clouds. Below them the arc of a rainbow is seen through some rain, while a coach-and-four are about to cross the river that flows in front of the castle. The light is just breaking out after the storm, illuminating the whole middle of the picture, and resting on the castle and partly on the mountain. The wooded foreground is in autumnal hues. It presents four cows, a sheep-

herd and sheep, and four figures. On the extreme left are yellowish-brown and brownish-green trees. The composition is very simple, and so is the arrangement of light and shade. The spectator is supposed to stand on the east side of the Conway River, and at his extreme right are glimpses of the Irish Sea. The canvas is three feet eight inches high, and four feet eight inches long." Lovers of Art are to be congratulated upon the resuscitation of a worthy specimen of Turner's poetry and skill in his first and perhaps best period. Americans who have judged this master only by means of the celebrated and fantastic 'Slave-Ship,' will perhaps be disappointed at its quietude and sobriety; while Americans who have studied Turner in Europe, especially in the masterpieces of the London National Gallery, will not be inclined to consider it the equal of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' nor of the 'Fishing-Boats going to the Wreck.' In extreme délicacy of workmanship and conception, however, it does partake of the chief characteristics of the former work; and (what is even more pleasant to speak of) in its fine state of preservation it is a striking contrast to the 'Lake of Geneva' which, painted when Turner was making all kinds of experiments on the canvases that he sold, is now little else than a splendid ruin.

NEW PICTURES IN THE GALLERIES.—Among the latest accessories to Mr. Avery's gallery is an excellent scene on the Normandy coast by Otto von Tholen, a young Hungarian, which reminds one instantly of Mr. Sargent's 'Fishing at Cancale,' in the first exhibition of the New York Society of American Artists. The foreground figures of a lady and two or three children are pleasing in lines and in tints, but the charm of the work is in its humid, soft atmospheric effects and its fine marine qualities. The artist's neat, clear, almost dainty execution is especially noticeable, and the scene is one to linger in the memory. Bokelmann's 'Broken Bank,' a commendable example of the Düsseldorf style, shows us the faces of scores of disappointed depositors coming down the steps of a savings-bank, and grouped along the pavement in front of it, each face being a distinct and interesting study of character, and the textures of the garments, especially of the various kinds of furs in hat, mantle, and overcoat, being admirably rendered, while the unity of the presentation has been happily preserved. There is a strong picture of sheep by Braith, of Munich, who reproduces some of the best traits of Zügel, and is miles away from the superficial and shoppy prettiness of Verboeckhoven. In Mr. Knoedler's gallery is a noble Jules Breton—his 'La Fileuse,' painted in 1872, and recently a part of a private collection in Philadelphia. It is a picture for artists to admire. The modelling of the industrious Brittany girl, seated not far from the sea-shore, is noble in the extreme; her uplifted left arm is masterly in gradations and in drawing; while the waves behind her are charming in colour, in weight, and in movement. The expression of the face perhaps leans a trifle toward the morose, but that matters not; it is the expression of the picture as a whole that tells. There is much to excite thought and to praise vigorously. Mr. Schaus has received Benjamin Constant's 'Thirst; Prisoners in Morocco,' a large work, which obtained a second medal in the last *Salon*. Five prisoners, able-bodied men, on their way across the desert, in charge of a mounted officer and his subaltern, have reached a small, narrow stream that courses on the sand. Chained by the hands to one another, they prostrate themselves, two or three of them at full length, and drink eagerly of the water, while the officer looks on with mingled hatred and contempt. The subject is almost repulsive in its relentless realism. Near by is one of the finest Corots in this country—'The Bathers' it is called; two women and a child, knee-deep in a brook, protected by lordly trees from the early afternoon sun, which quickens the grey cirrus and cumulus clouds: stand thirty feet away, and the luminous richness and amplitude of the scene will fascinate you. The picture is one of thirteen in the late celebrated Faure collection in Paris.

THE ART JOURNAL ADVERTISER.

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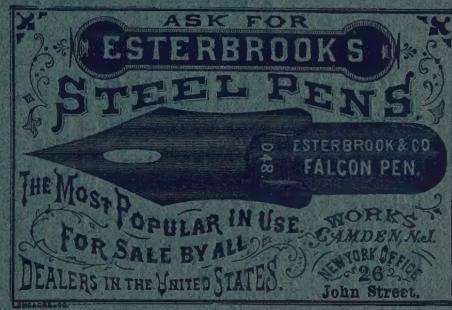
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